The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unusc! communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* June *will be noticed in the* July *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th July *in the* August *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Mr. James Payn has retired from the editorship of the *Cornhill* and from all editorial work. Happily his mental powers are undiminished, and we may hope yet to have much from the pen which has so long delighted so many readers. Mr. Payn is one of those men who, though never robust in health, contrive to accomplish an incredible amount of work. We have before us a letter, hitherto unpublished, written by Miss Mitford on June 14th, 1853. She says that Mr. Payn is to dedicate a volume to her, and goes on, "A charming lad he is—may it please God to spare him! K. [Miss Mitford's servant] says he is sure to die, and certainly he is one of those very gracious and graceful persons in both mind and body whom consumption so often strikes down." This was forty-three years ago.

A new authorised and uniform edition of Mr. J. M. Barrie's works is to be published in America by Messrs. Scribner. It will be uniform with their edition of Robert Louis Stevenson, and will include "Better Dead," and "An Edinburgh Eleven." Mr. Barrie is revising the series, and has selected as the title, The "Marget Ogilvy" Edition—after the name of his mother.

Three of the most popular novelists contemplate the preparation of lives of Christ. Mr. Hall Caine's intention has been long announced. Mr. S. R. Crockett has written some part of a projected life, but does not intend to publish it for a long time. Ian Maclaren also intends devoting himself by-and-bye to this task.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have in preparation the Expositor's Greek Testament. It will be on the plan of Dean Alford's Greek New Testament, which had a long course of popularity and usefulness in this country. It will include the Greek Text with notes and full critical apparatus, and will extend to four volumes, the first of which it is expected will be published in October. It will include the Gospels, the first three by Professor A. B. Bruce, D.D., Gifford Lecturer in the University of Glasgow, and the Gospel of St. John by Professor Marcus Dods, D.D. To the remaining volumes some of the most distinguished of living New Testament scholars will contribute. The series has been projected and will be edited by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, editor of the *Expositor* and the Expositor's Bible.

We understand that American action on copyright will be deferred, a committee being appointed to look into the subject. In the opinion of those most competent to judge, the situation is by no means free from danger. Very influential American newspapers argue that the copyright law is entirely in the interests of this country, that it has injured American literature and raised the price of English books. As might be expected, the leading American publishers are strongly in favour of the existing law, and would even be disposed to go further.

There is no truth whatever in the report that Mr. J. Tissot, the painter of the realistic series of pictures of "The Life of Christ," is about to enter "La Trappe" monastery. Mr. Tissot has at least two years' work before him in seeing the reproduction of this series through the press, and is under contract to do so to the firm of Mame of Tours, who acquired his copyrights for a sum of £44,000.

Mr. Hall Caine spent a few days last week in London on business connected with the publication of his new novel. Meanwhile, in the Isle of Man, the removal from the house on the Marine Parade at Peel to Greeba Castle, which Mr. Hall Caine has bought, has been progressing. The family expect to be settled in their own home by the end of June, ere which, as a kind of housewarming, the members of the Newsagents' Union will have been entertained there.

Mr. Percy White will publish in the autumn, through Mr. Heinemann, a new novel very much upon the same lines as the book by which he made his reputation, "Mr. Bailey Martin."

We very much regret to learn that Miss Beatrice Harraden has again been rather seriously unwell, and that as a consequence she has had in the meantime to give up further work on her new novel. Luckily the MS. of this had been so far completed that the present delay is not likely to postpone the appearance of the book beyond October next, the date originally arranged for its publication.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan's new story is altogether a new departure for him. It is sensational to the last degree, and concerns itself largely with the fortunes of a Captain Shannon, the supposed contriver of the dynamite outrages in London some decades ago. Those who have read it think very highly of it. Its style is quite different from that of anything Mr. Kernahan has yet done.

We understand that Mr. W. M. Meredith, son of Mr. George Meredith, who is now a partner in the publishing

house of Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co., has purchased from Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden the copyright of his father's book, "The Tragic Comedians."

Some parts of Ecclesiasticus have recently been discovered by Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson of Cambridge. During a journey in Egypt and Palestine, from which they have just returned, they purchased a number of stray leaves of manuscripts, chiefly Hebrew. Among them was a little paper leaf, very dirty and ragged at the foot, which Mr. Schechter, the University reader in Talmudic, has identified as from the Hebrew text of Ecclesiasticus. Mr. Schechter has copied nearly all that is on the leaf, and it is hoped that the few words he has not yet deciphered will soon yield to chemical persuasion. The text will be published in an early number of the *Expositor*. It will be remembered that Professor Margoliouth, in his inaugural lecture delivered at Oxford five years ago, tried a reconstruction of some of its passages from the versions, and expressed the opinion that the accomplishment of this feat, whether by himself or by others, would prove of great value in ascertaining the dates of several books of the Old Testament.

Professor Buchheim, of King's College, London, writes: "In this month's issue of your periodical it is reported 'that Dr. Max Koch in a German periodical accuses the Russian writer Tolstoi of having copied a short story, entitled "The Coffee House of Surat," from St. Pierre.' Allow me to state in the first instance that it was not the learned Germanist Max Koch who brought the charge of plagiarism against Tolstoi, but the well-known German critic, Dr. Marcus Landau, did so in Prof. Max Koch's periodical, *Zeitschrift für Vergleichende Litteraturgeschichte*. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* reprinted the article in question, and a few days later it brought from a Berlin correspondent an emphatic refutation of the charge. It was to the effect that Tolstoi, in the Russian edition of the story, had distinctly stated 'that it was a translation from Saint Pierre'; so that the whole blame falls upon the translator, who wantonly suppressed that statement, and, moreover, produced a wretched version of the remarkable tale. No doubt Dr. M. Landau will make to the famous Russian writer *amende honorable*—if he has not yet done so—in the above-mentioned periodical. This then is the explanation of the incident which, as you rightly surmised, would be sure to be cleared up. In the meantime Tolstoi might pray, like so many other distinguished writers: *Save me from my translators!*"

Mr. Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" (Heinemann) has been violently attacked in an amusing letter to the *Dial* by General A. C. M'Clurg, who rechristens it "The Red Badge of Hysteria," and describes it as "a vicious satire upon American soldiers and American armies," "a mere work of diseased imagination." It shows, he says, an entire lack of any literary quality, and exhibits some startling idiocies. He seems to regard it as the work of an Englishman. The fact is that Mr. Stephen Crane is a young American of twenty-two years, who resides in Providence, U.S., who has never once left the States, and has very seldom even left his native town.

Mr. Harold Frederic's "Illumination" (Heinemann) is meeting with a large sale. The reception in America has been especially cordial. The publisher is about to issue a fourth edition.

The first volume of Mr. W. E. Henley's "Byron" (published by Mr. Heinemann) will be out directly. It contains an enormous number of notes by the editor.

The delegates of the Clarendon Press have just issued what may be called Professor Buchheim's "Jubilee Edition" of Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm." Ever since the book was first published, nearly twenty-five years ago, the editor has noted down, in using it practically, all the desirable improvements and additions, in accordance with the progress which the study of German has made in this country, and conformably to the present state of Lessing criticism in Germany. Thanks to this proceeding, the delightful play is now presented to the public in a seventh—thoroughly revised and considerably enlarged—edition.

The list of contributors to the forthcoming "Book of Beauty" (Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.) is an interesting one. It includes Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the Earl of Crewe, the Hon. George Curzon, Mr. George Moore, Mr. F. Frank Fitmore, Mr. B. S. Hitchens, Lady Vane, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, Mrs. Bernes, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Theodore Watts, the Marquis of Dufferin, Mr. W. H. Mallock, Mr. Zangwill, Mr. Hamilton Aidé, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. George Wyndham, M.P., Lord Alington, Mr. Cotsford Dick, and Lord Ronald Gower. The painters of the portraits are the late Lord Leighton, Sir John Millais, Mr. Watts, Mr. Richmond, Mr. Herkomer, Mr. Sargent, and a number of others well known.

Mr. Edmund Gosse contributes to the June number of *Cosmopolis* an article on current French literature. He will write on this topic for the magazine about twice a year. This will not interfere with M. Faquet's regular article.

The next volume in the "Story of the Nations Series" (Mr. Fisher Unwin) will be "Bohemia," by Mr. C. E. Maurice. It is only quite recently that the history of Bohemia as a separate nationality has been studied. Mr. Maurice traces the course of events from the ninth century to the present day. The Bohemians claim that during all this time they have preserved their national characteristics. Mr. Maurice has already written a work on the Italian war.

The next volume of Mr. Fisher Unwin's series of sixpenny novels will be "The Problem of Prejudice," by Mrs. Vere Campbell, author of "The Shibboleth." Mrs. Campbell makes a picturesque use of the hop industry as a background.

The summer number of the *Evergreen* will be published during this month. It will contain poems by Nora Hopper and Mr. William Sharpe, and a story by Fiona Macleod. The editor, Dr. Patrick Geddes, writes a nature sketch. The illustrations are by Mr. Mackie, Mr. Brough, and others.

A rather curious and interesting book on "London Burial Grounds" will be published shortly by Mr. Fisher Unwin. It is written by Mrs. Holmes, who is well known as an agitator on the subject of open spaces. She has made an

exploration of London with a view to finding out what are the associations of a large number of perfectly neglected churchyards. There is a special chapter on Dissenters' burial grounds. The book is fully illustrated.

It was interesting to note in a recent number of the *Westminster Gazette* that the writer of "The Evening of his Days" had elicited from Mr. Gladstone that at that time his light reading consisted entirely of Mrs. W. K. Clifford's two well-known novels, "Aunt Anne" and "A Flash of Summer."

There is to be a cheap edition issued immediately by Messrs. Cassell and Co. of Mr. Arnold Forster's "In a Conning Tower." The new price of this continuingly popular story of a great sea fight is to be sixpence. Mr. Arnold Forster's work, by the way, has already been translated into French, Spanish, and Italian.

It is good to hear that there is to be a translation made of that most pleasing "ouvrage couronné," "Lettres d'un Curé de Campagne." This delightful book was the unanimous choice of the Academy in the year of its "coronation," and it has enjoyed a very large sale in France. The story is quite simple, absolutely unromantic, yet real and fascinating beyond any recent work of the kind. Its author is M. Yves le Querdec, whose "Lettres d'un Curé de Canton" have found many friends. Mr. Heinemann will publish the translation here.

Mr. Alfred Harmsworth intends to make a strong feature of book reviewing in the *Daily Mail*. His literary department is at present in the hands of Mr. Robert Leighton, who has written many popular boys' stories and also some clever tales of mystery in the sensational mood.

Mr. A. W. Mason's next book is to be published by Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co. in the autumn. It will be an historical work of some length. The publishers have great hopes of it.

The Emperor of Germany is an omnivorous reader of all English works upon natural history and kindred subjects. He has lately received a copy of Mr. R. Kearton's "British Birds' Nests." This little book is deservedly in a second edition.

Opinion in America upon Mark Twain's "Joan of Arc" is by no means unanimous. Mr. Trent among other critics complains of the "slab" method; now a slab of fiction, now of history. Certainly, the book is full of anachronisms, none greater than the invention which brings the Sieur Louis de Conte to life in Domremy when all the world knows he was a Norman. Notwithstanding these and such atrocious phrases as "it was good times"—which abound by the way—there is a growing opinion here that Mr. Clemens' picture of Joan is very finely imagined.

Mr. Guy Boothby will publish in the autumn a new volume of short stories entitled "Bushigrams."

The large circle of friends of the late R. L. Nettleship will be glad to hear that a memoir has been prepared by Mr. Godfrey R. Benson, who had an intimate acquaintance with the professor. It may be recollected that Mr. Benson had the sad satisfaction of arriving in Switzerland just in time to attend the funeral of his friend, who lost his life on a mountaineering expedition. It had been arranged that the two friends should spend part of their holiday together, and Mr. Benson left London during the Parliamentary recess to join Mr. Nettleship, only to hear of the calamity when he reached his journey's end. Mr. Benson has been employing his absence from the House of Commons since his defeat at the General Election in travelling in Burmah and India.

Mr. Richard Marsh will publish in the autumn a new novel entitled "The Mystery of Philip Benmon's Death."

Miss Ethel S. Turner, the young Australian writer who has made such a success with "Seven Little Australians," has two new books ready. The first is entitled "The Little Larakin," and is by far the most important work Miss Turner has yet done. The title of the second is not yet decided upon, but the book may be called "Bobbie." It was stated recently in a morning paper that Miss Turner was on a visit to England, and had been introduced to London society by Mrs. Hodgson Burnet. This is entirely incorrect. Miss Turner is in Australia, and has no thought of coming to England at present. She is "Miss Turner" no longer, having recently been married to a young Australian barrister—Mr. Carlewis. The "Lilian Turner" whose story formed the Christmas number of the *Quiver* last year, is her sister.

Mr. Shan F. Bullock, whose novel of Irish life, "By Thrasna River," was so enthusiastically praised, has been hard at work since the appearance of that volume last autumn, and has two new books ready. One, a volume of short stories of the Irish peasantry, will be called "Ring o' Rushes." The other is a novel which Mr. Bullock describes as "A Seaside Comedy," and is entitled "The Charmer." Mr. Bullock—one of whose warmest admirers is Mr. Quiller Couch—is at present in Ireland.

Mr. George Knight, who has just made his *debût* with a book of impressionistic stories entitled "Dust in the Balance," published by Messrs. Jarrold and Son, has two new novels arranged for. The first, "Sapphira of the Stage," will be published by Jarrold, and the second, "The Circle of the Earth," by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden. He has also ready for press a novel of Liverpool life entitled "The Winds of March." Mr. Knight, who has just come to London, was formerly editor of the Liverpool *Porcupine*.

The "New Vagabonds" Annual Dinner to the most distinguished women-writers of the day will take place on June 15th. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome will be in the chair and the list of guests will be a full one.

"Ada Cambridge," author of "A Little Minx," will publish shortly a new novel entitled "A Humble Enterprise." It will be issued by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden in England, and by Messrs. Appleton and Son in

America. "Ada Cambridge" is the *nom-de-plume* of Mrs. Cross, the wife of an Australian clergyman. She is now engaged on a new three-volume novel.

Mrs. Chandler Moulton, who had the misfortune to break her arm some six weeks ago, was to have arrived in England the first week in June, but has in consequence been obliged to postpone her visit a month.

Mr. Francis Gribble, author of "The Red Spell" and "The Things that Matter," is at present residing at Haslemere, where he is engaged on a novel dealing with the London Stock Exchange, a subject with which the author is very familiar.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett gives young writers some good advice, especially the counsel to keep a notebook, and to write something in it every day. "It is a great deal better that he should have his notes too copious than too meagre. By filling page after page with jottings of thoughts, fancies, impressions, even doubts and surmises of the vaguest kind —of a kind which he himself can only understand at the time, and perhaps may afterward fail to recollect when re-reading them—he will never in the long run count himself a loser." Mr. Fawcett refers to Hawthorne's notebook containing so many paragraphs of material which he used, and so many which he never afterwards threw into distincter literary shape.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

APRIL 20 TO MAY 23, 1896.

Bearing in mind always that the time of the year is taken into account in making the statement, it may be said that trade during the period in question has been all that could be reasonably expected. There are not wanting, however, indications of very little attention being paid to the bookselling branch of many businesses, nor can this be wondered at while a discount of 3d. in the 1s. is expected everywhere, and drapers are offering 8¾d. books. Trade abroad has been very brisk.

On looking round, the first striking feature is the inquiry for books dealing with Stock Exchange Transactions; Dr. Aubrey's "Stock Exchange Investments" with others have sold freely.

It must be exceedingly difficult for an author to find a suitable title for his book, and one that has not already been used. "The Imagination of their Hearts," "Without Sin," "As the Shadow of a Great Rock," etc., are evidently Biblical phrases.

Anything and everything bearing on South Africa is eagerly bought. The title of Mr. Regan's book, "Boer and Uitlander," appeals at once to public interest.

The members of the trade are a little curious to know if they will benefit by the formation of the Publishers' Association, but in this age of competition it is somewhat doubtful. Cricket has several additions to its literature, W. W. Read, the Surrey player, having contributed a volume on the subject, which is very popular.

Guide books are much wanted, and time does not alter the leading position of Murray, Black, Baedeker, and Baddeley. R. L. Stevenson's "Weir of Hermiston" is in great favour; in fact, the demand for all his publications points to an appreciative public. Works on the Soudan (such as Slatin's "Fire and Sword," etc.) are asked for daily. Several works on cycling for ladies have been published, and have certainly justified their existence.

There has been considerable interest shown on the Canadian copyright question, but this is scarcely a subject which concerns *booksellers*.

Memoirs of the missionaries who perished at Ku Cheng are still being sold in large numbers. There is apparently a greater interest than ever taken in missionary work.

The output of 6s. novels is marvellous (one has to find a fresh adjective each month). During the last week nearly half a hundred new ones have been published; and, what is better, many of them have a good sale. Marie Corelli and S. R. Crockett lead at present.

No surprise will be caused by the warm reception that has been given to a work on Butterflies and Moths by W. J. Gordon. A glance at the coloured figures of 1,000 species will at once reveal the secret of its popularity. There is, fortunately, at present no close time for butterflies.

In the subjoined list of popular books of the moment, although, of course, fiction predominates, a fair assortment of works in other departments will be found. It is difficult at times to judge the merits of a book for a place in this catalogue, but the list may be relied upon, being the result of considerable inquiry.

Heart of the World. By Rider Haggard. 6s.
The Courtship of Morrice Buckler. By A. E. W. Mason. 6s.
A Lady of Quality. By Frances H. Burnett. 6s.
The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
The Island of Dr. Moreau. By H. G. Wells. 6s.
The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
Cleg Kelly. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
An Amazing Marriage. By G. Meredith. 6s.
Briseis. By W. Black. 6s.
Madelon. By M. E. Wilkins. 6s.
Worth While. By F. F. Montresor. 6s.
Weir of Hermiston. By R. L. Stevenson. 6s.
Adam Johnstone's Son. By F. M. Crawford. 6s.
Sweetheart Travellers. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Illumination. By H. Frederic. 6s.
Romance of Two Worlds. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
The Great White Hand. By J. E. Muddock. 6s.
The Mind of the Master. By John Watson. 6s.
Stock Exchange Investments. By Dr. Aubrey. 5s.
A Man and a Woman. By S. Waterloo. 3s. 6d.
Rome. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d.
A Mighty Atom. By Marie Corelli. 3s. 6d.
Butterflies and Moths. By W. J. Gordon. 6s.
Life of Peter Mackenzie. By J. Dawson. 3s. 6d.
For His Sake. Elsie Marshall. 2s.
Sister Martyrs of Ku-Cheng. 5s.
Art of Reading and Speaking. By J. Fleming. 3s. 6d.
The Heart of a Continent. By F. E. Younghusband. 21s.
Pen, Pencil, Baton, and Mask. By H. C. Black. 10s. 6d.
Fire and Sword in the Sudan. By Slatin Bey. 21s. net.
Boer and Uitlander. By W. F. Regan. 3s. 6d.
Democracy and Liberty. By W. E. H. Lecky. 2 vols. 36s.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
April 26, 1896.—Business about normal for the time of the year. Improvements in orders from abroad.
May 2, " —A moderately busy week in all branches.
" 9, " —Trade not quite so good at home. Colonial and foreign departments busy.
" 16, " —Home business about as usual, but foreign orders continue good.
" 23, " —Improvement in home trade. A slight drop in colonial and foreign orders.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

IT has been somewhat prematurely announced in the papers that M. Adolphe d'Ennery has entered a legacy of £80,000 on his will for the Societé des Auteurs dramatiques. The old gentleman has not done so yet, but does not deny that he, or rather his wife, has some such intention, although he appears annoyed that the matter should in any way have been made public. The amount, by the way, is almost franc for franc the sum that at various times he has received through the agency of the Societé des Auteurs dramatiques for his rights in his phenomenally successful play, "The Two Orphans," which has caused more tear-shed in France than any play that was ever produced.

The interest which attaches to this item of news is enhanced by the fact that it has been made public at a time when the Societé des Auteurs dramatiques is being violently attacked, by *les jeunes*, amongst French dramatic authors. This revolution is being led by M. Léon Gandillot, who demands nothing less than the abolition of the Society. "I want a dramatic author," he says, "to be able to earn his living without having recourse to the Society. This, as matters stand at present, he is unable to do, because, on the one hand, all members of the Society undertake to allow their pieces to be performed only in theatres the managers of which have an agreement with the Society, whilst all the managers, on the other hand, who have an agreement with the Society, are bound, no matter what author's play they are performing, to pay the author's fees every night to the Society. So that if a manager took it into his head to play the piece of an author who was not a member of the Society, he would be forced to pay author's fees to the Society in addition to those which he had to pay to the author himself. So unless an author is a member of the Society he has no chance whatever of being performed." M. Gandillot also says: "We derive no advantages in exchange for this servitude. There is the so-called 'community of action for the defence of our rights.' But that is a mere joke, for the Society never takes action on behalf of a member, unless he be some particularly big 'pot.' The young men are always left to shift for themselves." He complains that the collection of fees in the provinces is very carelessly attended to. "I have over and over again drawn the Society's attention to the fact that my pieces have been played here or there, and that I have received no fees, but no attention has been paid to my complaints. I want to be at liberty to withdraw, but at present that is impossible, and I am forced to submit to onerous and ridiculous conditions." My own opinion is that M. Léon Gandillot is rather severe on the Society. He points to the position of English dramatic authors as an argument in favour of non-unionism, a singularly unfortunate argument.

On the 25th of this month, Emile Zola is to receive at a solemn meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals a diploma and a gold medal. I do not know why. I never knew that Zola showed any particular interest in animals, though I admit that he is of angelic patience towards a particularly snappy and vicious little terrier, who renders a visit to the rue de Bruxelles a terror to the nervous interviewer, and in moments of excitement snaps at anybody, its master included, who may be within reach. On the other hand, in his writings, Zola has delighted rather to show the viler sides of animals' nature. There is the cat who considers the regular drowning of all her kittens as the right and proper thing; there is Gideon, the donkey, who gets drunk; and so many others. And the scene when the famishing soldiers, in "La Débâcle," hack a wounded horse to death with a piece of flint is a scene of horrible cruelty, placidly described, without indignation. Daudet, on the other hand, very clearly expresses his detestation of brute beasts, from dogs downwards. One evening when I was dining at his house with the Director of Fine Arts and M. de Goncourt, the conversation turned on horses, and it was the general opinion that the horse, although "a splendid machine" (as M. Gustave Larroumet put it) had a vicious, cruel, mischievous look, *une sale tête*, concluded M. de Goncourt.

De Goncourt's Memoirs continue in *feuilleton* in the *Echo de Paris*, and the style maintains itself wonderfully. However much certain critics may ridicule these garrulities, they are decidedly interesting and amusing, and to those who know de Goncourt and have met him *dans le monde*, there is a special interest in watching the diary for the possible mention of their names, coupled, it may be, with a delightful compliment or a terrible *critique*. But I think the old gentleman goes rather too far in certain instances. For instance, what purpose can be served by the publication of the entry of December 6th, 1893, in which he tells a horrible story of Victor Hugo, who is represented as paying his addresses to a lady who was on terms of intimacy with his own son? Of course, one does not believe the story, but its publication can only wound the relatives and friends of Victor Hugo.

Speaking of Hugo, it is generally understood in Paris that the editorship of *La Nouvelle Revue* is now entirely in the hands of young George Hugo, whose recent book detailing his life as a sailor has been very well received in Paris, and is a decided achievement both in point of style and of matter.

I can heartily commend to all lovers of Verlaine an interesting brochure by Felix Régamey, who was one of Verlaine's earliest and most intimate friends. It is published by Floury, and deals, with *preuves à l'appui*, with Verlaine's talents as a draughtsman. Régamey writes of Verlaine: "He was, or might have been, a great draughtsman. No science, no flourishes, nothing superfluous nor useless." And he compares him to certain Japanese masters. The book, which contains, besides several portraits of Verlaine by Régamey, many of the poet's drawings, was a revelation to me, for, though I had often seen Verlaine sketching at a café table, one forgot the draughtsman in the poet.

Amongst a shoal of new novels, I notice "Un roman d'Amour," by Vicomte Spoelboerch de Lovenjoul. Its interest lies in the fact that it describes very accurately Balzac's courtship and marriage of Mademoiselle de Hanska, a marriage which was so unfortunate both for Balzac and the world of letters. The novel is true to history in every respect, and can be read in conjunction

with, and as supplementary to, the biographies of the great novelist.

Yesterday's *Figaro* (May 15th) contains an amusing skit by M. Alfred Capus, entitled "Littérature," which may be commended to the Society of Authors. It represents a conversation between a publisher and an author. The author has asked the publisher to consider a volume of poems, and the publisher, refusing to look at the manuscripts, tells the author to sit down and multiply 137,454 by 91,357. The author, although surprised, attempts the task, and spends twenty minutes over it. The result is quite wrong. "You don't know how to multiply," cries the publisher. "That's already a great deal in favour of an author in these days. But what about division? Be good enough to divide 9,851 by 16. Eh? That's easy enough." THE AUTHOR: "Look here, sir, I'll be frank with you. I had rather renounce the honour of having you as my publisher than have to do sums. I was always at the bottom of the class in mathematics, and I can't even do a simple addition. (*Rising and taking his hat.*) So, Monsieur——" THE PUBLISHER (*transported*): "To my arms, my young friend. You can't do sums. . . . Your book shall come out in a fortnight. (*Shaking his hand warmly.*) Make yourself at home here." I suppose this dialogue is a sly allusion to the recent dissensions between Paul Bourget and his publishers.

M. Henri Rochefort's Memoirs are being translated into English by Ernest Smith, an English journalist resident in Paris, and will be published in London by Edward Arnold.

Old Paris is gradually disappearing. Just now No. 32 of the rue de la Tour d'Auvergne is being pulled down, a famous house which stands on the site of the old farm-house which belonged to Louisa Emilia de la Tour d'Auvergne, abbess of Montmartre, who gave her name to this street, a street which has always been the favourite residence of literary men and of politicians. Opposite No. 32 stood the house where one night Louise Colet attempted to murder Alphonse Karr with a knife, to punish him for having said that she had no talent, an incident which created a great sensation in Paris at the time, and suggested to Karr his famous aphorism on the abolition of capital punishment: *Que messieurs les assassins commencent.* Elsewhere in this street resided at different times Victor Hugo, Béranger, Alfred de Musset, Henry Mürger, Mdlle. Duchesnois, General Berton, and Francisque Sarcey.

"What's that parson doing here? Take him away at once." It is hardly credible, but it is nevertheless the fact that these words were addressed to the *huissiers* of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Paris by M. Berthelot, the Minister, on taking possession of the Minister's private room, and referred to a full-length portrait of Cardinal Richelieu. It has been malevolently suggested that it was the statesman rather than the cleric who irritated Monsieur Berthelot, distinguished rather for science than for politics. The portrait had originally been hung up in the ministerial *cabinet* by M. Hanotaux, who has a great admiration for Cardinal Richelieu, whose history he has written.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. A. E. W. MASON.

Photographed by] [Morgan, Aberdeen.

MR. A. E. W. MASON.

THE author of that vigorous romance, "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," has quickly gained a reputation. His literary record is not a long one; it is not yet three years since he began to write. His first attempt was a short story, which *Black and White* accepted. Then he tried his hand on plays, which, however, have not yet been produced; but a new version of "Frou-Frou," which he made for Miss Isabel Bateman, is played regularly by her in the provinces. His first book, "A Romance of Wastdale," had an unfortunate early history. The firm to which it had been sent dissolved partnership while Mr. Mason was mountaineering in the Tyrol. The manuscript was lost, and then suddenly found and accepted, while he was making up his mind whether he should write it again. The scene is laid in a valley where he spent several Easter vacations as one of an Oxford reading-party. Several articles by him were accepted by the magazines, *Temple Bar* and *Macmillan's*, while the plot of "Morrice Buckler" was being worked out. The story, which sprung directly from a mountaineering expedition, without guides, made to the Tyrol in August, 1894, was ready in the beginning of the following May. Messrs. Macmillan accepted it; it has been received with favour, and he is writing his next book on commission.

Mr. Mason, who is twenty-nine years of age, was educated at Dulwich College, under Dr. Welldon, now Head-Master of Harrow. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Oxford, and took double honours in the Classical Schools. His interests are many, and his experiences already not a few. He was secretary to the Union at Oxford, and something of an athlete, playing football and cricket, and only prevented by schools from rowing, for his college. His interest in the drama has always been strong. When the O.U.D.S. produced the "Alcestis" of Euripides in 1887, Mr. Mason played Herakles. He also gained some experience of an actor's life in the provinces, in Mr. Edward Compton's and Miss Isabel Bateman's companies, after leaving Oxford, and appeared at the Avenue Theatre during Miss Florence Farr's season. He has varied this active career by taking part in political work in Yorkshire; and recently he has been secretary to a special committee sitting at the House of Commons.

Mr. Mason has done so much in a little time, and his last novel, a notice of which appeared in the *Bookman* for April, is so great an advance on his earlier story, that his future may be looked forward to with confidence.

THE READER.

LEOPARDI'S HOME.

By Sir George Douglas.

A CONTINUOUS ascent of several miles leads from the little sea-port of Recanati to the town of the same name. The wide expanse of undulating country seen from the road is bare and open, and except for the stunted growth of the olive, absolutely treeless. Being plentifully blessed with vines and wheat, it certainly cannot be described as a poor country; but whilst lacking the smiling beauty of other parts of Italy, it is also singularly deficient in that air of rural homeliness and comfort which is found in best perfection—and perhaps alone—in England, and for which, under Heaven, England is indebted to her landed gentry. Witness the case of France and Germany, where there exists no such gentry to speak of, nor any such beauty either. And here, too, in this Italian scene, the rural buildings are harsh in outline, new-looking, or at least without history, and there is no trace of the care of an affluent race which for generations past has found its best pleasures and its warmest affections in the country. No, the gentlefolk of this neighbourhood have obviously turned their backs on country life, and crowded their dwellings together in the town. Thus the effect of the landscape, and its suggestions, strike one as peculiarly harsh and utilitarian. A new element is introduced when, a mile or two from the sea, a view is obtained of a glaring and imposing cathedral in the Roman style of architecture—the church of Our Lady of Loreto, built to commemorate the miraculous transportation of the house of Nazareth to that spot, and to this day the bourne of countless pilgrims. My pilgrimage being of another kind, I chose to pass on; but to a traveller mindful of the law of reaction, whose thoughts were running on the Poet of Pessimism, this feature, too, was not without significance. Such, then, is the landscape which suggested to that poet the paradoxical notion of a treatise "Dell' Odio della Patria."

Dismissing my vehicle, after what had seemed a tedious drive, I approached the town on foot. Recanati, which occupies a strong position, lying along the "hog's back" of a hill, may perhaps be best described as a Village of Palaces—vast, gloomy, dilapidated, almost windowless structures, with the like of which I had become already too familiar in Spain. But I hasten to add that the Palazzo Leopardi, which lies at the further side of the town, is not one of these. Vast it certainly is, but neither gloomy nor dilapidated, and it has the usual complement of windows. Passing through a noble entrance-hall, with lofty domed roof, I ascended by a handsome double staircase of white marble to what was the object of *my* pilgrimage—the library. And here an altogether unlooked for piece of good fortune awaited me, for the servant sent to act as my guide—a man eighty-two years of age—proved to be one who had spent his life in the service of the family, and who had lived for many years under the same roof with the poet, though, as he frankly acknowledged, he had never spoken to him. In three minutes this dear old man was my friend,—not, reader, because I fee'd him, though there was a pleasure in the anticipation of so doing from which I would not have parted lightly; but because he too had his feelings in connexion with the place, and he saw that I was no mere idle sight-seer. And, indeed, the atmosphere of that room was heavy with poignant associations, and I gazed on bust and portrait of the poet with affection, as on the likeness of some "soul's best brother," unseen in the flesh, but made immortal by his genius.

A noble room, too, was this library, divided in the orthodox manner into successive compartments, which left a passage free, and lined with books, bound mostly in white vellum. In the first and largest compartment, my guide pointed to a writing-table as that of the elder Leopardi, where, it seems, he would spend his days, consuming a vast quantity of tobacco, and drinking as many as five and six cups of coffee in a day. The poet sat at a smaller table in the next compartment, where his inkstand, in the form of a pretty little classic urn, is still to be seen. And thus these

GIACOMO LEOPARDI.
(*From the Death-Mask.*)

two studious lives were passed. "Why were they not more happy?" one could not help asking oneself. Then one reflected on the father's strange notion of his duty to his sons, on his crippling debts, and on the poet's miserable health. But at any rate this little glimpse of father and son working together in their library is in pleasant contrast to the stern and just indictment of the father contained in the celebrated letter written on the eve of the son's meditated flight from home. Then I turned to examine the poet's childish manuscripts, which are carefully preserved under glass. These date from his twelfth year, and consist of many neat little books, written in a clear child's hand, ornamented with tasteful designs and tail-pieces, and dealing with learned subjects of the most varied kinds; which include a History of Astronomy from the Earliest Times up to the Present, a Treatise on Natural History, Philosophical Dissertations, "Catone in Africa," a poem, and many others, and which recalled the singular and touching docquet appended by Count Leopardi to his son's text of the Life of Plotinus: "Oggi 31 agosto 1814, questo suo lavoro mi donò Giacomo, mio primogenito figlio, che non ha avuto maestro di lingua greca, ed è in età di anni 16, mesi due, giorni due." From the library I passed on to a sunny little flower-garden, com-

manding a wide prospect over dark country to the dark Apennines beyond, and thence my guide pointed out to me the Casino, or country-house, of the Leopardis, lying some sixteen miles off in the distance. Then, when he had gathered me some pansies and ivy-leaves, and I had made him understand my gratification in having conversed with him, I bade him adieu and started upon Leopardi's favourite walk—a walk of about three-quarters of a mile in length on the outskirts of the town, whence he could catch a glimpse of the Adriatic. Before leaving the town, I also examined his monument; for, as Schopenhauer has now a monument in Frankfurt, so Leopardi has one in Recanati, where during life he complained of being held in such slight esteem.

"Virtù viva sprezziam, lodiamo estinta."

The statue represents the poet standing, attired in a flowing cloak; and the head and shoulders are identical with those of the bust on the Pincian Hill,—a head which with its studious air and rarely sympathetic expression appeals —to the male eye, at least—a thousand times more effectively than any of the Tassos, handsome men, or sculptors' ideals by which it is surrounded. It brings back to one's mind Ranieri's description of the poet's smile, "ineffabile, e quasi celestiale," and even without the assurance of the old serving-man one would have divined it to be life-like.

Ancona is already preparing to celebrate the centenary of Leopardi's birth two years hence, and the reflection that Leopardi belonged to the same decade with Shelley, whom he survived by but fifteen years, brings before one with surprise the "modernness" of the Italian's philosophy as contrasted with the discredited revolutionaryism of Shelley, his vegetarian whims, and his tirades against priests and kings. But of course Shelley's strength lay not in his philosophy. And among our own poets it is perhaps rather in Gray that Leopardi meets his counterpart. In both, an equal richness and perfection of style is united with equal elevation of feeling and an inspiration which neither fails nor flags. But in the possession of a strongly-marked personality and of a philosophy which compels attention, the younger poet has immeasurably the advantage.

LIVING CRITICS.

VII.—Mr. Henry James.

WHEN Mr. James writes fiction you scent the critic, and when he writes criticism you feel the novelist underneath. He is a student of human nature and of its manifestations rather than a dramatist of these; only, of course, he has the pliancy, the lightness, the geniality, the imagination which popular opinion refuses to the student. I mean no disparagement of his methods in fiction in saying they are mainly those of a critic. They are used by him with exquisite results. I am not sure that he is the more likely to be a first-rate judge of literary matter, much of which is very different stuff from flesh and blood and human motives, beauties, and failings. But the general critical attitude of patient watching and waiting comes more naturally to him than to most novelists. Less, therefore, than in other writers who practise the two arts, do you find in him a change of method corresponding to the change of occupation. That which serves him in the art of his first choice serves him in the particular section of the other art where he is also first-rate. In the world of humanity and in the world of books he is in search of the same things, men and women. Of course, in so well-equipped a writer you find attention paid to style in its more outward sense, but disquisitions on such matters you get from others more abundantly, more systematically, and of a finer quality. The title of one of his critical volumes, "Partial Portraits," exactly hits his aims, his interests, his powers, and his own modesty, in critical work. It is always the man or woman underneath the books that he is seeking for, when he writes of their books seriously. He has not always written seriously. Perhaps, in proportion to the bulk of his miscellaneous writing, he has reprinted too much good-natured comment on what approves itself to him little enough. Such essays are best left out of account. And in speaking of others, it is honest to say, though it may take the ground from below our feet, that some of them are nearly twenty years old, and Mr. James has had time to revise his judgments. His later studies show, however, there has been a distinct continuity in his attitude. This attitude must be largely instinctive; but he must have reasoned the matter out to himself as well. He has little belief, for instance, in writers of real talent being influenced by contemporary opinion. "Criticism," he says, "does not much concern the artist himself," and, again, "Literature lives essentially, in the sacred depths of its being, upon example." To this, however, he joins a high standard for the critic, who is serving the general cause of right thinking, and who, if he be worthy, represents "the knight who has knelt through his "long vigil, and who has the piety of his office. For there is "something sacrificial in his function, inasmuch as he offers "himself as a general touchstone. To lend himself, to pro-"ject himself, and steep himself, to feel and feel until he "understands, and to understand so well that he can say, to "have perception at the pitch of passion, and expression as "embracing as the air; to be infinitely curious and incorrigibly "patient"—such are the high demands he makes of those who would speak seriously on the outcome of other men's brains.

MR. HENRY JAMES.

His own vigils have been specially devoted then to interpreting the personality of writers, by which, of course, I do not mean the narration of personal facts. This is the one salient feature of his critical method. The others are subordinate. "Make your writer a present of his own conditions," is an admirable maxim, which he is too warmly human to attend to with strict consistency; but from his genial position "There is, in spite of a thousand narrow dogmatisms, nothing in the world that anyone is under the least obligation to like," I don't think he ever budges. His special quality and habit, subtlety and fine analysis, help him often in the understanding of imaginative writers; but to a repetition of such qualities in others

he prefers strength and breadth. Perhaps—it is mostly in his less serious, his less conscientious work—he is too much given to letting people off. His reasoned, argumentative disapproval of the de Goncourts is about as far as he ever reaches in severity. Punctiliously fair as a rule, when he misrepresents there is a temperamental reason for it; it is never mere injustice. The fault of his judgment of Baudelaire, is that he should have formulated one at all. It is not possible to speak profitably of what only repels one.

By his method of portraiture he has reached his best successes. Emerson is treated as if he were the character in one of Mr. James's masterly single-figure stories. Merrimée, Maupassant, de Musset, Balzac, Hawthorne are men when he has done with them, not volumes, nor styles, nor tendencies. One of his articles on Turgenieff is, considering who wrote it, a bit of rough journalism; yet no one else has suggested the essential qualities of the great Russian, a man "living in a spacious upper air, with the long Slav poetical ancestry in the background," his "windows open into distances," with an "air of knowing strange and far-off things." The picture of de Musset is as good, and yet it is so by an effort, for Musset is not all sympathetic to his critic, who will not approve, and will not condemn, but judges him, not by words and conduct, and literally, divining his to be a case where the truth cannot be known unless looked at through a haze of poetry. This subtlety or charity, call it what you like, helps him on numerous occasions, notably in his explanation of what is called George Sand's fickle caprice, that she actually outlived her experiences, and had successive new births.

His method has its weaknesses. It tends to forcing the prominent features, to hardening the lines, to omitting what might tell against the direct expression of what the painter finds specially expressible. It is just to Merrimée, and it is just to Maupassant—in perhaps the best of all the essays, where Mr. James appears as the perfect translator. It is just to all the clear-cut persons. It is unjust to Gautier, to the very qualities in him that call for interpretation, and it does not fit Balzac's case very well. Here one may speak of a general misconception concerning Mr. James. At a time when modern French writers were not very widely read, he spoke of them familiarly. Then, although an American, Britons found little trace of the mental accent they detected in most of his countrymen. Neither did he seem of British mould. He was at home in several countries. His touch was light, he was swift in expression. All these things have given him a reputation for a cosmopolitanism which he does not possess and does not aim at possessing. His habit of mind is what, for want of a better word, I should call decidedly Teuton. Not only has he a serious base, but he likes seriousness to be expressed in set terms and not merely implied. Again and again he makes the highest claims for English writers as superior interpreters of character, because "they know their way about the conscience." He looks on morality as "simply a part of the essential richness of inspiration." He will listen courteously to many things, but his enthusiasm is for those that "as a race we like best—the fascination of faith, the acceptance of life, the respect for its mysteries, the endurance of its changes, the beauty of action, the seriousness, above all, of the great human passion." His sturdy racial preferences are like a tonic to-day, when we are so afraid of being insular. But it must be said that in his criticism—there alone, and the inconsistency is remarkable—he makes the very English mistake of denying seriousness and some other kindred qualities, when they are only implied and not expressed. His astounding judgments—they were handsomely discounted by him, however—that Balzac was "as little as possible of a poet," because he took as material the sordid and the worldly, and that he was "morally and intellectually superficial," because he introduced cheap and inaccurate learning into his colossal work, must be put down to this habit of mind, which sends him still further astray when he deals with Gautier. "Gautier's poverty of ideas was great," he says. "His power was all material." The fact is that Gautier had the misfortune to be too fastidious an artist to write a commentary on his own visions. In his travel books he wrote reflections which his critic very justly calls Philistine. He did not know and would not learn the language of reflection. He dreamt his ideas into beautiful shapes. Mr. James has made a portrait of the French mind which is very appreciative, very fine, very forcible. Having drawn the picture, the matter is settled for him. But there is, maybe, a little more of the life of the spirit in Loti and his countrymen than he admits. It is an old contest. Some like the fable and cannot abide the moral, but these do not, therefore, deny or destroy it. We like the fable; but we have a national craving for the moral.

And if Gautier, Hawthorne, and Balzac leave work for other critics when Mr. James has done with them, he has given us a version of them marvellously true, within certain limits. There is no fumbling. Such as they appeared to him, they appear to us. What he intends he performs. Indeed we are much tempted to adopt his versions definitely. Our additions, modifications, and shadings, which we indicate by smudges, we sometimes discover to be already suggested in his finely wrought plan. Over and over again a phrase of his will recur to us, and sum up all the expressible truth on a subject, or lead inevitably to it. He says of Emerson that he had "the equanimity of a result;" of the *Comédie Humaine* that "it has a thousand faults, but it is a monumental excuse." He shows that Maupassant was not a pedantic artist, omitting the moral sense for art's sake, but a straightforward frank man who hadn't got it, and speaks of the same writer's "birds eye contempt" of mankind. He lays his finger on the real weakness of the de Goncourts, that these *raffinés* had not after all "mastered the whole gamut of the aristocratic sense." He calls to you to note the "aromatic odour of the book-room about Lowell." He says of Flaubert, "If he is impossible as a companion, he is deeply refreshing as a reference; and all that his reputation asks of you is an occasional tap of the knuckle at these firm thin plates of gold which constitute the leaves of his book." In these, and in scores of other instances, he is not merely the fine literary artist fastidiously carving and colouring. You feel he has, with more faithfulness than most, been keeping his vigils and fulfilling the vow he made, that in judging the works of another man's mind he would be "infinitely curious and incorrigibly patient."

Annie Macdonell.

MONSIEUR HEGER.

THE author of "Villette" died thirty-nine years ago; but it was only a few months back, that the actual scene of her imperishable story underwent a change, and that the historical school in the Rue d'Isabelle at Brussels was transplanted to fresh quarters. And now the former director of that school, the mortal counterpart of the immortal "Paul Emanuel," has in his turn, at eighty-seven years of age, passed out of these actual human conditions called by Eastern mystics "the sphere of impermanence." It is from the point of view of one inhabiting this sphere, conscious that in the garden where the memories of her girlhood are planted "the leaves of life keep falling one by one," that I am endeavouring to give my own recollections of Monsieur Héger here. They are purely personal recollections. Under the impression of his recent death it is impossible for me to see my old Professor in any other light than the magically vivid one of old memories reawakened and made new by regret. At the same time it seems to me that these memories may possess some interest for others? Entirely apart from his connection with Charlotte Brontë's history, her "master of literature" was a remarkable man. At an epoch when there was less talk than there is to-day of systems of education and scientific methods of teaching, this really great teacher, during a period of fifty years, threw all the energy and power of original genius—not into the pedant's profession of imparting knowledge (in nine cases out of ten a merely cumbersome present which the average schoolboy or schoolgirl makes haste to lose so soon as he or she gets free of the class-room walls), but into the true educator's art of kindling mental activity, and, where the thing may be possible, of quickening sensibility to beautiful impressions, and stimulating generous enjoyment of noble thought. "Great men," Emerson has said, "exist that there may be greater men." And in the case of this disinterested teacher of genius, it may be specially asserted that his supreme triumph was the forming of a pupil more illustrious than himself. Monsieur Héger's memory in English literature will live on necessarily associated with, and to some extent overshadowed by, the name of the extraordinary woman who was indebted to him both for the passion that inspired and the intellectual discipline that perfected her literary gift. But outside of this indestructible house of fame, he has at this hour certainly, and probably for some period of years yet will continue to have, a home of remembrance in many minds belonging to earlier and later generations of his pupils, scattered abroad in different countries, and who have turned their intellectual obligations to their master of literature to account in various ways, yet whose debt of personal gratitude to him will, I feel sure, be as tenderly acknowledged by them now as the same debt is tenderly recognised by me.

My own memories of Monsieur Héger belong to a time twenty years later than the epoch of Charlotte Brontë's sojourn at Brussels. *Our* "Professor" was already grey-haired and a trifle bald, very upright in figure still, very keen in gaze, active and alert in all his movements. He must have been between fifty four and fifty-six years of age, "quite old," of course, from the point of view of schoolgirls not far on in their teens. But if vivacity of feeling, susceptibility to enthusiasm, ardour in present pursuits, impatience of mental lassitude, and complete ignorance of *ennui* be characteristics of healthy spiritual youth, then who amongst us all was quite so vigorous and young in spirit as he? Vigour, animation, and a generous, exhilarating delight in human genius and all its works were the qualities that distinguished him as a teacher, the chief virtues, too, that went out of him as a life-giving influence. Looking back to those days, the impression that represents for me the effect produced by M. Héger's entrance into class to give his literature lesson is of a sudden gust of fresh air blowing open all the windows, half startling, half delighting one with the expectation of new surprises. And the expectation was never disappointed. No doubt half the secret of his power lay in the gift of thus awakening always, at the outset of his lesson, these feelings of pleasant excitement and curiosity, heightened also by a sense of danger—it fastened attention on his every word and gesture first of all, because no one could tell what this man of many moods and versatile tastes might be saying or doing next; and then it kept one on one's guard, too, for everyone knew that to follow him negligently was to run the risk of falling into pits, skilfully put in the way of the absent-minded. But the impression that remained after the lesson proves more than anything else that M. Héger's method of teaching literature was the result of a genuine gift for feeling the beauties of literature, and for communicating to his pupils his own sense of enjoyment in great ideas clothed in beautifully-fashioned words. At this distance of time I cannot recall any definite rules of composition laid down by him, nor any critical judgments passed upon particular authors. No doubt these criticisms and rules were given his pupils, and proved temporarily useful, and then, if not forgotten, harmful, as all such criticisms do. But what I do remember now, and can recall with the vision it revives, is the tone of his voice, is the expression of his face, is the magnetic influence of his fine enthusiasm when reciting from memory, or reading aloud in the hushed class-room, a poem of Victor Hugo's, a passage from Lamennais' "Paroles d'un Croyant," a chapter from Michelet—authors he would have thought it dangerous to put in the hands of young girls, but whom it tormented his generous spirit entirely to withhold.

FREDERIKA MACDONALD.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

SIR,—In his notice of my "Ethnology" in last month's BOOKMAN, Professor Macalister misrepresents my views on several points so strangely that I will ask your permission for a little space to set matters right. I am charged with detaching from the Class Mammals the group of apes "as no other systematic zoologist does, all other writers include these in Mammalia." I also, not being an idiot, include them in Mammalia, as appears from the words, "they are the chief or most highly specialized members of the class"; only in quoting me, your reviewer suppresses this clause. Again, "when quoting Linnæus, p. 25, he might have known that in no edition of the 'Systema Naturæ' does that author call the negro Homo Æthiopicus." I do not quote Linnæus at p. 25; nor do I take the expression from him, but from Messrs. Flower and Lydekker's "Ethiopian" division, in "The Study of Mammals,"

p. 743. I am accused of quoting "untrustworthy authorities," none of whom are named; but the one here referred to, M. Philippe Salmon, is an anthropologist of European fame. The statement that "language is to him [me] the only mental criterion of race worthy of consideration" is nowhere made by me, and this doctrine is not mine. I say that "the reasoning faculty" is the chief mental criterion of race, and that speech is "the measure and the outward expression of that faculty" (p. 193). I do not "relegate sociology to ethnography," but state that Sociology "has been raised by Mr. Herbert Spencer to the rank of a separate science" (p. 6), and I define Ethnography as "rather literature than science" (p. 2). To my denial of "linguistic miscegenation," defining it as "a change of inner structure," my critic opposes the Irish idiom "I am after going." Here there is no change of inner structure, and consequently no proof of mixed languages as understood by me. I assign no "fabulous antiquity" to the Irish round towers, but state distinctly that "they cannot be of any great antiquity" (p. 133). Sentences interspersed with *untranslated* phrases from foreign writers are said to be "common"; there are not half-a-dozen in the whole book, but there are hundreds of such *translated* passages with the originals given in the notes. My views of the early migrations of mankind are not "in accordance with those of Brinton and the American school," but fundamentally different. The "points of identity between Japanese and Aztec eschatology (*sic*)," tabulated by me at p. 218, are introduced not as proofs of Asiatic influence on American culture, but to show how slight are the proofs of such influence adduced by other ethnologists. Lastly, I protest against the description of my book as a mere "resumé of the literature" of the subject, and as "partly ethnographical." It is a reasoned treatise with references to numerous trustworthy authorities in support of my views, and without a scrap of "ethnography" as defined by me.

A. H. KEANE.

Aram-Gah, 79, Broadhurst Gardens,
South Hampstead, N.W., May 18, 1896.

SIR,—I am sorry that my review, which was written in good faith, after a careful perusal of the book, has given distress to Mr. Keane. My sole object was to point out some of those statements which seemed to me to detract from the value of the book as a student's manual, and, as far as most of these are concerned, I cannot conscientiously alter what I have said. The passage on p. 25 is strictly not a quotation, as Linnæus wrote in Latin, but it is a paraphrase, and, from whatever source taken, it certainly does not give the Linnæan nomenclature. When Mr. Keane's authorities betray him into such statements as that on the causation of the colour of the negro's skin, or the opposability of the fœtal hallux, I cannot but consider them as untrustworthy. With regard to the section on mental criteria, Mr. Keane under that head gives 2½ pp. to comparative brain weights, 21 pp. to language, and about 4½ pp. to topics of sociology and comparative religion.

If I have been mistaken in considering Mr. Keane's views on the early dispersion of man as being in general in accordance with those of Dr. Brinton, I believe I have erred in company with Dr. Brinton himself, if I may judge from his review of Mr. Keane's work. As to the round towers, it is a trivial point, but as I think there is no evidence of their pre-Christian date, I still think that Mr. Keane's estimate is fabulous in that sense. As I cannot find any details which are due to Mr. Keane's own direct researches in the subject-matter of the branches of anthropology of which he treats, and as it seems that his facts are taken from published sources, I cannot alter my statement that the book is the fruit of wide reading in the literature of anthropology rather than of a personal examination of man in the laboratory and in the field. And I repeat that I believe, if the book were carefully revised, it would serve as a useful introduction to the subject.

ALEXANDER MACALISTER.

NEW BOOKS.

WEIR OF HERMISTON.*

"Mind you, I expect 'The Justice Clerk' [that was the earlier name] to be my masterpiece," wrote Stevenson from Vailima. He left it a fragment, but he had already made it a masterpiece. There is no need to talk in any conditional tense, and say had he lived to finish this story it must have been a great one. We have all its essentials in the portion bequeathed to us as the last message of his power; and that portion reflects Stevenson at his very highest, a Stevenson we had not heard from, save in hasty glimpses, since "Kidnapped," and only beheld in a glass of promise before then. In a shivering world we like pleasantness, and it is quite certain that the gaiety alternating with the not intolerable melancholy in the comradeship of Alan and David will always win readier favour than "Weir of Hermiston," whose tragedy is of a kind that does not even bring the relief of a melting mood. But in the stricter courts where imagination and mental force are the tests, this fragment will at least hold its own, backed though "Kidnapped" is by its own exquisite grace, and our very hearty affection. Till young Archie Weir leaves Edinburgh for the seclusion of Hermiston—and the excellence does not stop there by any means—the story is a faultless reading of human nature, and, unless we carp at very little things, faultless in its workmanship. If one were to ask for the other chapters of English fiction, produced in the last twenty years, that could mate these, how many could bide the test? Hermiston is a great character, greatly painted. He dominates you as he did his feeble, helpless wife, his sensitive, revolting son, his much tried brother judges, his writhing victims in the dock. All disapprove, many hate; but they instinctively stand aside, their own powers withering up before his. It is a character that even with an able novelist might have ended in an honourable failure. But there is no weak stroke in Stevenson's portrait. And there is no over-elaboration. Subtler methods he may have used in the presentation of some other personages, but nowhere else have his strokes been so forcible and so certain. See my lord with Archie—

"Sympathy is not due to these steadfast iron natures. If he failed to gain his son's friendship, or even his son's toleration, on he went up the great, bare staircase of his duty, uncheered and undepressed. . . . The lamp shone for many hundred days upon these two at table—my lord, ruddy, gloomy, and unreverent; Archie with a potential brightness that was always dimmed and veiled in that society, and there were not, perhaps, in Christendom two men more radically strangers. The father, with a grand simplicity, either spoke of what interested himself, or maintained an unaffected silence. The son turned in his head for some topic that should be quite safe, that would spare him fresh evidence either of my lord's inherent grossness or of the innocence of his inhumanity; treading gingerly the ways of intercourse, like a lady gathering up her skirts in a by-path. If he made a mistake, and my lord began to abound in matter of offence, Archie drew himself up, his brow grew dark, his share of the talk expired; but my lord would faithfully and cheerfully continue to pour out the worst of himself before his silent and offended son.

"'Well, it's a poor heart that never rejoices!' he would say, at the conclusion of such a nightmare interview. 'But I must get to my plew-stilts.' And he would seclude himself as usual in the back room, and Archie go forth into the night and the city quivering with animosity and scorn."

Here he is on the bench—

"Honest all through, he did not affect the virtue of impartiality; this was no case for refinement; there was a man to be hanged, he would have said, and he was hanging him. Nor was it possible to see his lordship and acquit him of gusto in the task. It was plain he gloried in the exercise of his trained faculties, in the clear sight which pierced at once into the joint of fact, in the rude, unvarnished gibes with which he demolished every figment of defence. He took his ease and jested, unbending in that solemn place with some of the freedom of the tavern; and the rag of man with the flannel round his neck was hunted gallowsward with jeers."

There is another masterpiece of portraiture in the book, and that a woman. But it is not either of the two Kirsties

* "Weir of Hermiston." An Unfinished Romance. By Robert Louis Stevenson. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

—only the poor feckless religious enthusiast that the terrible Hermiston had taken to wife. The only worldliness she ever shows is in her evasive defence of her lord to their child, who asked uncomfortable questions when the rabble denounced the judge. "Keep me, my precious!" she exclaimed. "Keep me, my dear! this is poleetical, ye must never ask me anything poleetical. Your father is a great man, my dear, and it's no for you or me to be judging him!" "Mrs. Weir's philosophy of life was summed in one expression—tenderness. In her view of the universe, which was all lighted up with a glow out of the doors of hell, good people must walk there in a kind of ecstasy of tenderness. The beasts and plants had no souls; they were here but for a day, and let their day pass gently! And as for the immortal men, on what black, downward path were many of them wending, and to what a horror of an immortality!" "She was a dwaibly body from the first," said Hermiston when he heard of her death. "Puir bitch," said he, "puir bitch!" when he looked on her dead. Stevenson has at last made a real living woman, and this is she. There are champions, I know, of Barbara Grant and of Catriona; there will be perhaps many to admire the old Kirsty and the young. But I think his one success with womankind is the "tender, tearful, incompetent" wife of the Hanging Judge. There is a notable description of a girl tossing about in the first stage of the malady of love; but I do not think the love-story here, as a whole, gives Stevenson a claim to be ranked with those who can create one with particular force and distinction. The austere young man entering, by love, the dark valley which you feel will close about him soon, holds your thoughts, but not the girl; the background of grey hills, huddling "one behind another like a herd of cattle into the sunset," are more real than the beauties and coquetries of the maiden. The fact is, the maiden, for all he tries to deck her prettily, is only an instrument of fate in Stevenson's hands. His heart is with her lover, faring to his destiny in that field of the hills.

Mr. Colvin in a full editorial note gives what is known of Stevenson's intentions about the end of the story. That he would have got over the difficulty which stood in the way of the Hanging Judge passing, or at least consenting to, the sentence of death on his only son for the murder of his sweetheart's seducer, is certain. I think that and the death of Hermiston are the only facts I want to know. Many plans must run through a story-teller's mind before he resolves on the inevitable end, which indeed he may struggle against. The rescue of Archie by the four Elliotts would have been a great incident; baldly suggested, his escape to America with the girl who had allowed herself to be seduced in revenge for wounded vanity, suggests nothing pleasing and nothing inevitable. But I am convinced, from the masterly air about the whole progress of the story as we know it, that Stevenson would not have failed. The curtain must fall for us now at the death of the Stoic father, that monster of brute force and paragon of justice. If there is evidence that the author played with the idea of a comfortable ending, he did not finish the story; and why should we, in a manner that seems to be at variance with the purpose and the temper of the previous events and circumstances? But this whole matter, and other things of interest too, are carefully discussed in Mr. Colvin's note.

Stevenson has laid the scene of the story at the beginning of the present century, his editor rightly pointing out that some of the incidents have even an earlier look. He has been less careful here than usual in keeping to the accent of speech in vogue at the period; but only in one case does he strike a discordant note. Said Glenalmond to Archie, concerning some expressions the boy had used towards his father, "They are merely literary and decorative." Young Mr. Stevenson might have had these words addressed to him, say by Professor Fleeming Jenkin, but not young Weir by an Edinburgh lawyer of well-nigh a century ago. The minutest searching, however, would hardly find another such slip in a book which is a marvel for the sustained dignity, the succinct force, and the austere beauty of its style.

> "here afar,
> Intent on my own race and place, I wrote,"

he says, in the dedication to his wife. And Scotland is actually in this book. A Scottish critic may be at least of some use by assuring Southerners of that. Many things labelled Scottish are passed off on them to-day in which there is nothing more broadly or deeply national than some screeds of uncouth dialect. But all Lowland Scotland is suggested in the four Elliott brothers, the respectable laird, the religious enthusiast, the shrewd worldling, and the little reputable poet, with a reckless Border raider underneath each one of them. The combination of intellectual austerity and force with barbaric manners and morals in the Justice Clerk is essentially Scottish, one may as well confess. "The cold huddle of grey hills" rises up before you as you read this grim story of the strife of irreconcilable mortals. The cold sky is over your head, the moorland winds whistle in your ears, and the cruel sleet stings your cheek. Not a very amiable land, nor an altogether agreeable people, but with such a proven power of drawing exiles' hearts that their best painters have not deigned to soften a trait or explain an asperity.

A. M.

A PICTURE OF CHILDHOOD.*

We may borrow, to describe the glimpses of child life which this little volume opens to us, the author's account of the bubbles which its heroine and her father send up from their garden together. "The colours of all the gems in the world run molten through their fragile films. And what visions they contain for crystal gazers! Among the gold and the green, the rose and blue, you see the dwarfed reflection of your own trees and your own home floating up into the sunshine. These are your surroundings—so lovely, so fairy-like in the bubble, in reality so prosaic, so inadequate. To W. V. the bubbles are full of strange continents and new discoveries" (p. 38). These sketches have the lightness, the opalescent hues, the miniature reflections of the soap bubbles, and like them may yield to an unskilful touch nothing but a drop of soapy water, but we may safely say of one who finds nothing more in them, that he lacks apprehension of the most catholic interest of humanity. No one is wholly lacking in tenderness for childhood, but prevalence in life is danger in art; triteness dogs all broad human emotion, and the loves that we have felt most deeply are just those which it is most difficult for literature to recall to us, because it recalls also so much heavy-handed attempt at expression. Mr. Canton performs this difficult task; he pilots us to "childhood's Atlantis" past the widespread shoals of dulness and the terrible reefs of affectation, he keeps us at our goal but for a moment—too short a moment—but how few can take us there at all!

The booklet has an even deeper attraction, or perhaps we should rather say that wherever we can say so much as this we can say more. If we have only lived long enough in this world we can probably reckon in our acquaintance more than one prosaic and commonplace personage whom we can pursue backwards into a time when only to feel the little hand slipped in ours was to be led into fairyland, and we are aware that the change which has transformed a darling to an object of tepid goodwill is the result of no tragic mutilation, but of a mere change in his stage of growth and our point of view. Perhaps the commonplace man was a commonplace child, or perhaps after all he is not such a commonplace man now if we could really get at him, perhaps in truth there is no such thing as a commonplace human being. But then arises the question, What is it in childhood which robs the commonplace of its blinding influence? We find in this little book some hint of an answer to this vast problem. That echo of parental love which a little child evokes in every heart witnesses to the principle that not even the most perfect response satisfies the human craving for sympathy as completely as that absolute lack of response, emancipating us from the need of it, which springs from the weakness of a child. The helplessness without, revealing unsuspected depths of disinterestedness within, also quickens the aspirations that turn towards the Above, and enables the father on earth to rise into a new sympathy with the Father in Heaven. And we have never felt more than in reading some verses in this tiny volume that if the mutual love of man to woman, with its righteous and in-

* "W. V., Her Book, and Various Verses." By William Canton, Author of "The Invisible Playmate." (Isbister.)

defeasible claim, reveals what is most characteristic of humanity, it is the unmutual, unclaiming love of man to child which brings us nearest to what we may conceive of God.

We must not bid farewell to the little creation without vindicating our critical acumen, and will therefore note a certain lack of homogeneity which tells unfavourably in anything so slight. We would have withdrawn one or two of the verses, for different reasons, one of which is, we declare boldly, that we do not understand their meaning. Can the author not give us another edition with more details of W. V.'s birthdays and bedtime, space being provided by an Index Expurgatorius of the verse? There is also a certain awkwardness in having to refer to a young lady whom we would associate with Scott's little Marjory Fleming (to suggest her nearest imaginative kinswoman) by the indistinct and unchildlike appellation of initials. But nothing is indistinct about W. V. save her name. How much reality there is in the sketch we are not informed, and perhaps it is a part of its charm that it invites the reader's co-operation, allowing him at pleasure to expand W. V. (as little H. C. in Wordsworth's loveliest lines) into some actual child life, or keep the letters for fairyland.

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

THE UNION OF SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND.*

In the Union of 1707 Mr. Mackinnon has found a text on which to discourse through five hundred and twenty-four goodly octavo pages. Ample as his discourse is, there is hardly a paragraph that the general reader would willingly see excised. The lengthened narrative is seldom tame, and never tedious. Whether describing the events which led up to the Union, or the international jealousies, or the various political parties, or the heated Parliamentary discussions, or the excitement of the street mobs, or the dissatisfaction with the completed Union, or the attempts—constitutional and forcible—to dissolve it, Mr. Mackinnon ever writes with a facile pen, wide knowledge, and an unprejudiced mind. Though a patriotic Scot, he is singularly free from bitterness, even when dealing with the unworthy and unconstitutional legislation of the House of Commons after the Union. Of the Union itself, Mr. Mackinnon does not believe that it was effected by bribing the Scottish representatives; nor does he believe that the subsequent prosperity of Scotland is entirely due to it. He holds, indeed, that prosperity was for a time retarded in Scotland by the selfishness and narrow-mindedness of the English majority in Parliament; and that the tide only began to flow steadily after the '45. Looking back, he seems to think that a federal might have proved better than an incorporating Union; and, looking forward, he would not be sorry to see the re-establishment of a Scottish Parliament for dealing with purely national questions.

Like too many books of the present day, Mr. Mackinnon's shows traces of haste and carelessness. Occasionally, the meaning is somewhat obscured by his use of pronouns; and occasionally such a sentence as this may be stumbled on: "The result of this miserable practice was to reduce the oppressed farmer, who could find no redress in the baron courts, in which his oppressor was both judge and defendant, to bankruptcy and beggary." It must be noted, too, that the quotations within inverted commas are not always immaculate; nor are the minute statements always absolutely accurate. The Commission on the Massacre of Glencoe was appointed on the 29th of April—not in June—1693. The Scottish Parliament did not offer a premium in 1696 on imported victual. It only approved, on the 9th of October, an Act of Privy Council, which had promised a premium on victual imported before the first of that month. The inhabitants of Bo'ness did not lament in their petition that the number of ships belonging to their port was reduced. Sometimes an interesting point is missed, as, for example, in the sequel of the Edinburgh riot in the summer of 1700. "A judicial inquiry," says Mr. Mackinnon, "subsequently resulted in the arrest and conviction of several of the ring-leaders, who were sentenced to be publicly scourged and sent into banishment. The ceremony of scourging was carried out in the mildest fashion, under the eye of the vast crowd, which assembled to honour the prisoners with an ovation. The magistrates resented the clemency of their all too merciful hangman, and sent for his colleague of Haddington to repeat the operation more vigorously. This hapless functionary quailed in turn before the menaces of the crowd, and the solemn function took a ludicrous end in the flight of the obnoxious executioner, amid the jeers of his tormentors." This statement need not be examined in all its details. It is enough to point out that, instead of resorting to the extraordinary expedient of re-inflicting a penalty which had been nominally endured, the magistrates brought the hangman of Haddington to scourge his professional brother of the metropolis for undue leniency. In his chapter on "the final struggle (1706-1707)," Mr. Mackinnon makes a slip of an opposite kind. "Defoe," he says, "records that he himself narrowly escaped having his head broken by a stone thrown at him, while looking down on the disorderly scene in the High Street." But Defoe, who was not the man to minimise such an incident, does not say that he had a narrow escape. His own words are: "The author of this had one great stone thrown at him, for but looking out of a window; for they suffered no body to look out, especially with any lights, lest they should know faces, and inform against them afterwards."

Such minor blemishes do not, however, affect the substantial value of Mr. Mackinnon's work. When he has given so much information concerning his important theme, and dealt so fully and freshly with the stirring times relating to it, perhaps it is a little ungracious to hint that he might have devoted one paragraph at least to the constitution and forms of procedure of the Scottish Parliament; that he might have printed the Treaty of Union as an appendix; and that, in justice to himself, he ought to have supplied an index.

D. HAY FLEMING.

* "The Union of England and Scotland: a Study of International History." By James Mackinnon, Ph.D. (London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1896.)

ADVENTURES IN CRITICISM.*

Mr. Quiller-Couch has gathered into a volume of convenient size a selection of his critical papers contributed week by week to the *Speaker*.

The dates of publication are given, but the studies are arranged in chronological order of writers dealt with, and in the space of 400 pages or so we survey a fairly wide extent of English literature. Starting with Chaucer and Shakespeare, Defoe and Sterne, we soon pass on to contemporary writers such as Mr. John Davidson, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Anthony Hope, and the author of "Trilby," and can admire Mr. Quiller-Couch's sympathy with and appreciation of varied types of prose and poetry. The adventures are mainly among poets and novelists, or subjects closely connected with the arts of poetry and fiction, such as "The Popular Conception of a Poet," "Selection," and "Externals," and "Q." comes well out of his various encounters. In the few words of introduction he apologizes for the fragmentary character of the papers, and hopes that they "may be worth a second reading," and here and there perhaps "suggest the outline of a first principle." They are certainly very pleasant reading, and worth preserving, though they are not likely to have the permanence of his best work in fiction. There is, of course, considering the limits in which these studies first appeared, no attempt at any very exhaustive criticism of any of the writers dealt with, no diving into the depths, nor especially subtle or detailed treatment. They are rather literary talks, aiming at reviving or increasing interest in some favourite author, throwing out a suggestion for the settlement of some disputed point, or treating appreciatively a new book by some contemporary writer. We feel very soon on most friendly terms with our guide, and enjoy the frequent glimpses of his own personality, and his various likes and dislikes. Mr. Quiller-Couch has many valuable qualifications for the post of critic, notably his independent judgment, kindliness, fairness, and moderation.

* "Adventures in Criticism." By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Cassell.)

As an instance of this temperate fairness, and readiness to see and make allowance for another's point of view, we might refer to the article on the vexed question of "Bookstall Censorship." While protesting against the right of "Tom, Dick, Harry and Co. (Limited) by the process of collaring a commercial monopoly from the railway companies to be exalted into the supreme arbiters of what men or women may or may not be allowed to read," he recognizes that they may be "honestly concerned that the goods they purvey to the public shall be goods of which their consciences approve." "A great deal may be said against setting up a censorship of literature. A great deal may be said in favour of a censorship. But if a censorship there must be, the censor should be deliberately chosen for his office, and in exercising his power should be directly responsible to the public conscience . . . let the community choose a man whose qualifications have been weighed, a man on whose judgment it decides that it can rely." If a censor were to be appointed, one feels that Mr. Quiller-Couch himself would be eminently fitted for the position, and that he would exercise his power wisely and temperately.

He has blame as well as praise to bestow, of course, but even where we differ from him, and admire what he dislikes, or consider his commendation excessive, he does not rouse that spirit of antagonism, of blind fury, that determination to cling to our own opinion, although we see it to be erroneous, which some critics manage to stir within us. He is always persuasive, courteous, judicious, without being indifferent or lacking in enthusiasm. Even the Scot, the Burns enthusiast, who reads that "Scots wha hae" is "inspired rant," and "A man's a man for a' that," "rather poor rant, neither inspired nor even quite genuine, and in no proper sense poetry at all," will be disposed to forgive Mr. Quiller-Couch, and to regard his want of taste as his misfortune and not his fault. It is scarcely necessary to say anything in praise of the style—of its clearness, straightforwardness, and charm—or to refer to the many pleasant touches of humour which enliven the book; for those who know and enjoy Q's. previous work will know what to expect.

When, in obedience to the hint conveyed in the preface, we turn to the volume and search for some "outlines of first principles," though we may not find any of universal application, we come across some interesting statements of Mr. Quiller-Couch's own views and aims. He is a fervent lover of the open air and of a country life, and controverts the idea that town, or rather London life, is essential to acuteness of intellect and knowledge of human nature, "as if a man may not concern himself with the broader problems of life, and attack them with all the apparatus of recorded experience, unless he happen to live on one bank or other of the Fleet Ditch." "I do suggest that this open-air quality" (of the English novel) "is a characteristic worth preserving, and that nothing is so likely to efface it as the talk of the workshops. It is worth preserving because it tends to keep us in sight of the elemental facts of human nature. After all, men and women depend for existence on the earth and on the sky that makes earth fertile, and man's last act will be, as it was his first, to till the soil. All empires, cities, tumults, civil and religious wars, are transitory in comparison. The slow toil of the farm-labourer, the endurance of the seaman, outlast them all." The whole paper on "Externals" is a very suggestive one. We pay too much attention to externals now-a-days. Human "documents," local colour, open-air effects are all very well in their way, but they are not essentials, they do not help us much towards that knowledge and revelation of the human heart which is *the* essential to good fiction. "You will never surprise the secret of a soul by accumulating notes upon Externals."

There is an interesting appreciation of Mr. Stevenson, with its note of personal indebtedness to his influence. "So long as he lived, though it were far from Britain—though we had never spoken to him, and he, perhaps, had barely heard our names—we always wrote our best for Stevenson." The "Great Heart of the Public" will find some salutary home truths in the "Attitude of the Public towards Letters,"—but we must not multiply instances, though the temptation to quote is great. Enough has been said to introduce readers to a very delightful book, which stands in need of no apology or introduction. L. G.

HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.*

Whoso would write a History of Christian Doctrine must be rarely endowed with natural gifts and must possess indomitable industry. He must gird himself for years of reading in many languages in order to master the mere facts and literature. And he must be conscious of power to see the inner meanings and harmonies of various definitions and statements, to penetrate to the spring of developments in this or that direction, and to discern their relation to their environment. He must have sufficient imagination and sufficient knowledge to put himself back into the point of view of each epoch-making thinker, to feel the forces he felt, to begin where he began, and see what he saw. He must be able to hold the thread that guides to the inmost recess of the labyrinth, and to trace the orderly process of history so that under his guidance we shall at once see who and what was progressive and what retrograde, and shall recognise the precise addition made by each theologian or school to the solid structure of theological knowledge. To accomplish this in regard to a single school or teacher taxes the powers to the utmost; to accomplish it in regard to the whole history of doctrine is superhuman.

Professor Fisher's intention in this work has been not merely to describe the genesis and development of dogmas, but to give us a history of doctrine in the wider sense which involves the tracing of movements of religious thought which might sooner or later modify the Christian creed. Apparently one result of this plan has been the inclusion of much material which might more properly be looked for in a general Church History. A good deal of space is occupied with accounts or descriptions of the leaders of thought from age to age; but these are necessarily so brief as to lend an appearance of slightness to the volume. The space thus occupied to little or no advantage might have been utilised for bibliographical notices, which are almost entirely omitted, or for printing the relevant passages in the sources upon which the history is founded. In fact, no student can feel himself adequately equipped with Professor Fisher's volume, but must betake himself to Harnack's great work, or to Loofs' "Leitfaden," or even to Neander, for much of the information which seems absolutely necessary to the understanding of the history of doctrine and of the connection of one period with another. But as a first study of the History of Doctrine Professor Fisher's volume has the merit of being full, accurate, and interesting.

Occasionally Professor Fisher rather cuts knots than unties them. His answer, for example, to the fundamental question, Is Theology possible? will satisfy those who are reading for pleasure, because it is neatly expressed, and true so far as it goes; but those who have been seriously exercised by the question will scarcely find here the guidance they seek. In his closing chapter on "Certain Theological Tendencies in Recent Times," Professor Fisher ascribes the modern antagonism to Calvinism rather to its eschatology than to its doctrine of predestination. But apart from the aspect of eschatology which is presented to the predestinarian, is there anything in the Calvinistic teaching which very broadly differs from any other Catholic teaching on the subject? And in remarking upon "the relaxing of confidence in the previously accepted solutions of some of the gravest theological problems" he declares this to be "an incidental effect of the exegetical method and spirit in which history, as well as philology, is applied, in a manner somewhat new, to the interpretation of the Bible." Professor Fisher here seems to put the saddle on the wrong horse. It is not exegesis but criticism which is working the change, and which is acting as a solvent of dogmatic theology. Professor Pfleiderer applies the most advanced exegetical methods to the interpretation of St. Paul's writings, and finds in them in the main the old Calvinistic meanings. But Professor Pfleiderer's critical attitude towards the sources of Paul's information has freed him from any sense of obligation to accept the Apostle's statements. For "Professor Pfleiderer" read "the whole critical

* "History of Christian Doctrine." By George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale University. (T. and T. Clark. The International Theological Library.)

school," and at once the decay of Calvinistic theology is accounted for.

The accentuation of the Greek has received scant justice, and some awkward misprints occur; "efficacy of the guilt of sin," on p. 128, instead of "effacing." MARCUS DODS.

A SHROPSHIRE LAD.*

Here is a writer who stands outside all the poetical vogues of to-day. He is neither a mystic, nor a symbolist, nor a devotee of ancient forms, nor an interpreter of the ideal significance of the music-halls. But he is a poet. I have seen no book of verses for years that breathes at least more spontaneity, and very few with as much individuality. Mr. Housman's technical merits might easily be surpassed, but his rhythms and forms call for no criticism. They are simple, sometimes rough, never subtle, save with the subtlety that catches and reflects the mood, and sets the matter to the right tune. His book of lyrics has a continuity. You can pick out a story from it, several linked dramas of the lives of Shropshire lads, the one that used his knife in anger, and stood under the shadow of the gallows, and lay long in jail; the one that went for a soldier; the one that, after his struggle for love, lay early in the churchyard. But there is no continuous narrative. The poems are essentially lyrics, outbursts of feelings, often elliptical, cries and sighs from which one may catch a name and the hint of a story. Original as Mr. Housman undoubtedly is, now and then you hear familiar voices in his verse. If he had been more given to making moral reflections than pictures he might have been named a kinsman of Clough. The swing of some of his verses, as if born of the body's motion in the open road with the wind playing round, puts one in mind of the Canadian poet, Bliss Carman, at his best. But I will dare a loftier comparison, and say that there are lyrics here that might have come out of Heine's Song Book. The exquisiteness of Heine and his poisonous sting are both absent. But his methods, though unperfected, are Heine's in the main; and his matter very much the same. The love of fresh hearts in the spring-time, the strife of young passions, the struggle of man with the soil, the homesickness for the West country felt in the dusty streets, imagined as crying from below the sod, for the old life of comrades—out of such things has Mr. Housman woven his verse. Sturdy vigour and pervading melancholy are always there, and one hardly seems to give way for the other. The poet's old friend twits him with his poor consolation when "pints and quarts of Ludlow beer" bring more sterling comfort. And the poet does not contradict him.

"'Tis true, the stuff I bring for sale
Is not so brisk a brew as ale:
Out of a stem that scored the hand
I wrung it in a weary land.
But take it; if the smack is sour,
The better for the embittered hour."

I have no space to quote as I should like from Mr. Housman's lyric tales of lads that loved and suffered

"By Ony and Teme and Clun,
The county for easy livers,
The quietest under the sun."

But here are some verses out of "Is my team ploughing," the eager questions of a dead man, and the answers from overhead.

"'Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?'

Ay, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep;
Your girl is well contented,
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

'Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?'

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose."

A. M.

* "A Shropshire Lad." By A. E. Housman. (Kegan Paul.)

THE NEW IRISH LIBRARY.*

The last time I reviewed a bundle of new Irish Library books I had little good to say of them. The series had all the faults of that "Young Ireland" literature which, like so many things that did excellent service in their own time, has become a difficulty in the way of good literature and good criticism. It had printed a politico-historical pamphlet of some value, and called it a model of historical writing; a mass of political rhymes of nearly no value, and called it great poetry; and it had debased the coinage of imagination by turning a story of Balzac's into a sermon on village industries. The best of the Irish public, however, having outlived the false ideals of Young Ireland, scouted prose and rhyme alike, and the library suddenly transformed itself and became vivid and scholarly. I praised, at the times of their appearance "The Irish Song Book," "The Story of Early Gaelic Literature," and "The Life of Patrick Sarsfield," and the new volumes keep the same high level. "Swift in Ireland," certainly one of the most useful and readable books of its kind in contemporary literature, discusses the life of Swift from the point of view of Ireland with unfailing witty and wise comment, and is a beginning of that scholarly criticism of men and things which is needed in Ireland even more perhaps than creative literature, for until it come we are perforce at the mercy of our rhetoricians and our newspaper hacks. Its only serious defect is that it does not contain enough of purely literary criticism, and makes no serious endeavour to consider the value of Swift's writings taken apart from the light they throw upon his actions and opinions, and in opinion-ridden Ireland some such estimate had been useful.

The recognition of the expression of a temperament as an end in itself, and not merely as a means towards a change of opinion, is the first condition of any cultivated life, and there is no better text than Swift for preaching this. He did not become, like the subject of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's volume, a great light of his time because of the utility of his projects or of any high standard of honest thinking—for some of his most famous projects were mere expressions of a paradoxical anger, while others he defended with arguments which even he could not have believed—but because he revealed in his writings and in his life a more intense nature, a more living temperament, than any of his contemporaries. He was as near a supreme man as that fallen age could produce, and that he did not labour, as Blake says the supreme man should, "to bring again the golden age" by revealing it in his work and his life, but fought, as with battered and smoke-blackened armour in the mouth of the pit, was the discredit of "the century of philosophers": a century which had set chop-logic in the place of the mysterious power, obscure as a touch from behind a curtain, that had governed "the century of poets." Some pages of Sir Thomas Brown are, one doubts not, of a greater kind, as pure literature, than any he wrote, but he has given the world an unforgettable parable by building an overpowering genius upon the wreckage of the merely human faculties, of all that the Herr Nordaus of ours and other times have acclaimed and preached; and it is because the most ignorant feel this in some instinctive way that his throne is unassailable. Ireland seems to me to especially need this parable, for she is so busy with opinions that she cannot understand that imaginative literature wholly, and all literature in some degree, exists to reveal a more powerful and passionate, a more divine world than ours; and not to make our ploughing and sowing, our spinning and weaving, more easy or more pleasant, or even to give us a good opinion of ourselves by glorifying our past or our future.

Mr. Taylor's and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's books, though not literature and the interpretation of literature, are excellently useful so long as our Irish readers do not think them one or the other. Mr. Taylor has explored an obscure historical period with an industry above all praise, and with a strong national enthusiasm, but—and I must apologise for judging him by a standard by which he has never desired to be judged—his book is not literature, because he does not, as Mr. King does occasionally, reveal the actions and persons

* "Swift in Ireland." By Richard Ashe King. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
"Owen Roe O'Neill." By J. F. Taylor. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
"A Short Life of Thomas Davis." By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

of his story in the mirror of a temperament, because he has not what Matthew Arnold called "the literary consciousness." Sir Charles Gavan Duffy is always interesting on the friends of his youth, and there is no book of his so valuable for Irish purposes as his life of Davis, already well known in its more expensive form. One regrets, however, to find that he still persists in calling Davis—the maker of three or four charming songs that were not great, and of much useful political rhyme that was not poetry—a great poet, and in seeking to prove it by quoting "Fontenoy" and other savourless imitations of Macaulay. No one who does not know literary Ireland can understand the harm done by such criticism, and the barren enthusiasm for the second-hand and the second-rate it prolongs. Let us sing our political songs with ardour, shouldering our pikes while we sing if we be so minded, but do not let us always call them great poetry.

W. B. YEATS.

MADELON.*

Miss Wilkins used to get her best effects from the secret disorders and the eccentricities in rigidly planned lives, and by showing the reaction from Puritanical restraint, the aching hunger in starved New England souls. But in "Madelon" her material is richer. The Hautvilles, with their French and Indian blood, were aliens, with an alien grace of manner, an alien talent for music, and an alien strength of passion. They largely make the story, with the aid of Lot Gordon, who as a sensitive student of delicate health, with an incapacity for making friends, and a heart hungry for love, may be looked on as an alien too. He might, by the way, be a creation of Hawthorne's. His cousin Burr, though circumstances give him prominence, counts for less in the essential materials. With such actors one need expect no grey New England love-story; and, indeed, it is a wild, stirring tale. Madelon Hautville is beloved by both the cousins, by Burr with fits of fickleness—him she adores; by Lot with constant devotion—him she dislikes. But her hot blood is easily roused; and a slight at a ball she revenges by a knife; only in the dark it wounds the wrong man. Burr is arrested for the crime. If he is fickle, he is generous, and he comes near to execution, no one listening to the girl's self-accusation. Lot saves him by recovering, and by declaring he wounded himself, but in return for her lover's life he asks Madelon to marry him, a sick and lonely man. It is a terrible courtship. He is rich, and he buys costly presents for her; she will have none of them. He hungers for a look of kindness, but the savagely faithful as well as savagely passionate heart of Madelon refuses to respond. And then, on the eve of the marriage, he releases her. But his sacrifice is not over when he has given her into his cousin's hand—for this comes about, the knife thrust she had meant for Burr in a moment of despair having been only a rough sign of affection. The old rumour of murder clings about the two reconciled lovers, darkening their path, and Lot has to repeat his lie even more loudly, and finally to give a last proof of it by wounding himself truly this time, and to the death. In such stories the simple direct characters like Madelon are generally the most successful. Not so here. At least, Lot Gordon, the sickly, awkward, unpopular man, at home only in the woods, with the poetical soul and the bookish phraseology; Richard Hautville, the secretive child, who nourishes loves and hates so silently in his heart, who nearly dies of the knowledge of his sister's crime, and eases his heart to no one; and his brother Eugene, the imaginative, are among the best successes of the book. Each of them is lonely, and each a stranger to the other, and all of them gain their true value seen against the simpler and commoner village folks. A story so full of vibrating emotion Miss Wilkins has never written before. She has let herself go freely into the warm country of romance, tired perhaps of her long sojourn in the hard and chilly climate she has dwelt in, where her dainty flowers seemed to grow as in the spaces between paving-stones. This new departure is excellent. "Madelon" is a powerful novel, and Miss Wilkins has not trusted merely to the increase of warmth and the interest of the incidents for the attraction and retention of her readers. The workmanship is singularly careful and often beautiful.

* "Madelon." By Mary E. Wilkins. 6s. (Osgood, McIlvaine.)

FIVE BOOKS OF VERSE.*

When a poet of Mr. Robert Bridges's calibre undertakes to write "words for music," those among his admirers who most appreciate the peculiar qualities of his work must feel that the task might better have been left to a writer perhaps more facile and of less distinction. The inevitable trammels, the rhythmic limitations, to say nothing of the great technical gulf fixed between the two so-called sister arts, might well dismay a bolder poet than Mr. Bridges, who, notwithstanding, dances gracefully enough in his fetters, and with no little dignity to boot. At the same time it is impossible not to regret that so fine a talent as his should be lavished so—seemingly—laboriously, on a theme so poetically unprofitable as the Purcell Commemoration Ode, the music of which might surely have been as effectively provided with words by anyone of a round dozen verse-writers quite as well known to fame as Mr. Bridges. On the other hand, there are occasional passages in plenty which offer no mean compensation to the reader. For example, such a verse as

> "There the birds with tiny art
> Earth's immemorial cradle tune;
> Warble at dawn to fern and fawn,
> In the budding thickets making merry;
> And for their love the primrose faint
> Floods the green shade with youthful scent"—

in spite of the more than dubious assonance of its last couplet, is too much in the vein of Mr. Bridges' best lyrical manner to do aught but charm. And at the end of the little book you are amply rewarded by four poems, apart from and independent of the keyboard and the orchestra, and therefore so much the more estimable. "The Fair Brass" is a majestic motive wrought into words with all due stateliness and simplicity, while in "November," "The South Wind," and "Winter Nightfall," but more especially in the first, we welcome once more the Robert Bridges of the "Shorter Poems," the true artist who gave us "The Voice of Nature," together with many another unforgotten and unforgetable lyric. Again there is ground for gratitude in that so sensitive and subtle an observer of nature has also happened to be a poet.

Of Mr. Percy Hemingway's easy and amiable verses there is but little to be said. They share certain pleasing qualities, in common with an incalculable quantity of other smooth and graceful intermediaries between mere rhyme and poetry. And, to be sure, these are not all untouched with poetry—of a kind. Certainly they are a great deal prettier and more accomplished than nine out of ten amid the multitudinous volumes of verse that are for ever being showered upon a not too grateful world. Mr. Hemingway's Quatrains are deft. He would seem to have made them with as glib a facility as the skilled practitioner who will produce you canary-birds from his cuffs, and an omelette from his hat. The best of the other verses is the sonnet which gives its title to the book. We quote the octave:

> "He is the happy wanderer who goes
> Singing upon his way, with eyes awake
> To every scene, with ears alert to take
> The sweetness of all sounds, who loves and knows
> The secrets of the highway, holds the rose
> Is fairer for the wounds the briars make;
> He welcomes rain that he his thirst may slake;
> The sun because it dries his dripping clothes."

But the author should really have resisted the sinister seductions of "clo'es," however plausible the snare. When rhyme and reason are at loggerheads it is not always the weaker that should go to the wall. In curious contrast with Mr. Hemingway's "Happy Wanderer," comes Mr. O'Sullivan's impulsive collection of "Poems," some of which make, despite technical defects and inartistic weaknesses and redundancies, for justification of their title. The lyric here

* "Purcell Commemoration Ode." By Robert Bridges. (Elkin Mathews.)
"The Happy Wanderer.' By Percy Hemingway. (Elkin Mathews.)
"Poems." By Vincent O'Sullivan. (Elkin Mathews.)
"Christopher Marlowe and Belphegor." By J. D. Hosken. (Henry and Co.)
"The Man from Snowy River." By A. B. Paterson. (Macmillan.)

given is fairly representative, although there may be better passages astray in the book:

"A butterfly, a queer red thing,
Comes drifting idly down the street:
Ah, do not now the cool leaves swing,
That you must brave the city's heat?

A butterfly, a poet vain,
Whose life is weeping in his mind,
And all the dreaming of his brain
Is blighted by the dusty wind.

A painted butterfly sits there,
Who sickens of the *café* chaff;
And down the sultry evening air
She flings her sudden weary laugh."

Mr. O'Sullivan is too fond of sudden, inopportune drops into the vernacular; but, for all its faults, and they are legion, his book shows emotion and imagination. If he is a young writer he should do better some day.

In Mr. J. D. Hosken's "Christopher Marlowe, a Tragedy; and Belphegor, a Harlequinade in Doggerel," there is nothing for either praise or blame. Both are written in smoothly flowing metres; both amble with docility in the respective conventions to which they are harnessed; neither furnishes forth any particular interest of any kind; while, at the same time there is nothing in either to offend, unless dulness be accounted as a crime. They are thoroughly pedestrian.

Many are the sincere flatterers of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Bret Harte, and of these Mr. A. B. Paterson is not the least successful. His muse is Australasian, born and bred, and his songs and ballads are full of outlaws, and runs, and new chums, and gallant horses, and "bushies," and all the argot of the vast new countries beneath the Southern Cross. They display an abundance of verve and vigour, some pathos, a little humour, and unbounded facility of a somewhat primitive sort. The volume should enjoy a wide popularity among those familiar with the *mise-en-scène*. The author's unpretending "Prelude" well indicates the scope and intention of his book:

"I have gathered these stories afar,
In the wind and the rain,
In the land where the cattle-camps are,
On the edge of the plain.
On the overland routes of the west,
When the watches were long,
I have fashioned in earnest and jest
These fragments of song."

H. B. Marriott Watson.

A NEW COUNTY HISTORY.*

Scotland is singularly ill-supplied with the exhaustive county histories in which England is so rich. It cannot be said that this is because there have been wanting in the Northern kingdom antiquaries and chroniclers of special localities. It would seem to be rather that these have been, for the most part, either men without sufficient leisure or means for extending their researches from the parish to the county, or else men whose talents and tastes did not really consort with the patient labour of the county chronicler, but aimed rather at national history. In the case of Fife, for example, specialist study has been wonderfully thorough. Dr. Mackay, in the volume we are going to notice, gives a list of books relating to the county which discovers an immense amount of work bearing on its antiquities, architecture, biography, and genealogy, and the list might have been very much fuller than it is. But until Mr. Millar published his "Fife, Pictorial and Historical" the other day, it could scarce be said that there was any adequate history of the county existing; certainly there was not one that approximated to the monumental histories of the English counties.

It is clear from Dr. Mackay's "Fife and Kinross," the first volume in Messrs. Blackwood's series of "The County Histories of Scotland," that the publishers do not aim at supplying those exhaustive works in which Scotland is so wanting. Their intention evidently is that the author of each volume shall collate the results of specialist researches made in a county, or group of counties, and then write a history of the county or group showing the great landmarks of its development and progress, general causes and broad results, the trend of its affairs, and the place it holds in the larger history of the nation as a whole. That, at any rate, is what Dr. Mackay has done, and has done excellently. Naturally, the peculiar history of Fife, which compels one to regard it, as the author said in a previous work, less as a subject for the library of the antiquary than as a miniature of the history of Scotland, has led him to put the county in line with the whole country in a way that will not be possible in some of the succeeding volumes. But the value of these volumes will depend greatly upon how far their authors work their possibilities in this direction; and Dr. Mackay shows that a wide historic grasp can keep hold of local detail. The reader has, in this serviceable and handsome work, an admirable marshalling of facts from which to take an intimate and intelligent knowledge of a great historic county. If the remaining volumes of the series are equally well done, we shall be put in possession of an admirable survey of Scotland in her counties.

Sheriff Mackay's connection with the county of which he writes, we understand, is official only. To find one who is an outsider, so to speak, becoming so enthusiastic about it, is a pleasing surprise to Fifers. Their countrymen are not slack to remind them of their eccentricity, and that eccentricity is so much a fact that they themselves are not likely to forget it. The distinction of being "kenspeckle" is some consolation for being "daft," and to themselves at any rate the bee in their bonnet becomes a feather in their cap, as the Fife laird said. But it is a new sensation for them to have virtuous names given to their peculiarities by one who is not of them. This is what Dr. Mackay does, and his enthusiastic liking for the people adds a gusto to his account of their county. It is the personal note which is struck throughout the volume, that gives it a charm and a human interest which is not generally to be found in the county history, any more than the large outlook which is present here.

D. S. Meldrum.

* "A History of Fife and Kinross." By Æ. J. G. Mackay. The County Histories of Scotland. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

POEMS OF THE DAY AND YEAR.*

Mr. Frederick Tennyson's singing voice has a fine, exquisite, though somewhat elusive charm, but his notes are few, and he has a certain limitation of range which has always narrowed his audience. His conception of his own vocation, which is, we think, a very truthful one, is indicated in the first stanza of the beautiful, but perhaps too severely cloistral, address "To the Poet."

"O gentle poet, whosoe'er thou art,
Whom God hath gifted with a loving eye,
A sweet and mournful voice, a tender heart,
Pass by the world, and let it pass thee by;
Be thou to Nature faithful still, and she
Will be for ever faithful unto thee."

This is a voluntary shutting of the door against at least three-fourths of those constituents of life which are the natural and legitimate inspirations of poetry, and a certain limitation is the result of it; or perhaps it would be truer to say that it *would be* the result of it were not Mr. Tennyson too instinctive a poet to be bound by his own rule. Indeed, he gives us less of pure nature-poetry—the poetry which simply describes and interprets—than is given by many other poets who do not share his theoretic exclusiveness. The natural object seems to him less valuable as an object than as an emotional suggestion. Thus, in "The Blackbird" we see or hear little of the bird, which is but a means to an artistic end—a metrical pictorical progress to which his song is an accompaniment; and "The Mountains" is not a nature-poem, but an utterance of personal emotion and reflection:

"Upon the icy mountain-top alone
I only hear the beating of my heart;
Sunburst, and shower, and shadow earthward thrown
Like mortal fortunes for a moment shown
Go by me and depart."

* "Poems of the Day and Year." By Frederick Tennyson. (London: John Lane.)

The fact is, Mr. Tennyson's place is among the pure lyrists, the charm of whose work lies in the artless artistry of self-expression; and though there is in his verse a certain remoteness which will exclude him from the suffrages of the crowd, he will hold his audience among lovers of that essential poetry which by its mere existence vindicates its right to exist.

THE ART OF CONTROVERSY.*

A West End bookseller with a fashionable *clientèle* said not long ago, that among his lady customers who read anything beyond fiction, Schopenhauer was popular. The reason is not perhaps far to seek. There are hard enough things in the *Parerga* to puzzle trained students and frighten away elegant amateurs. But Schopenhauer, though he had an ill-natured scorn of ignorance, wrote largely and wrote best for a lay audience. He is a picturesque philosopher; he has examples from modern life and present failings and habits of mind continually at his fingers' ends. His very scolding is an agreeable stimulant; he may hate his readers, but he is not indifferent to them. He has gained a wider popularity, therefore, than many simpler philosophers. In England, too, he is much indebted to the admirable translations and the intelligent selections made by Mr. Bailey Saunders, who has a right instinct as to what interests the intelligent person, and has worked for him and not for specialists. The present volume is drawn from Schopenhauer's posthumous papers. It contains the Art of Controversy, part of which, however, appeared in the *Parerga* in the author's lifetime, and some selections and aphorisms of the kind that the translator has already given us examples of in "The Wisdom of Life" and "Counsels and Maxims." Mr. Saunders naively says of the first section—"The intelligent reader will discover that a good deal of its contents is of an ironical character." The fact is, the subject is the "Art of getting the best of it in a dispute." Schopenhauer at least did love truth, and did very heartily hate all compromises with it, all shuffling with intellectual integrity, all the subterfuges, the tricks, the petty triumphs of the rabble; his exposure of these is masterly. Mr. Saunders calls it ironical: we call it ferocious; but ferocious in that most excellent and most hopeless cause, which seeks to nourish a sense of honour in things of the mind. "If you know that you have no reply to the arguments which your opponent advances, you may, by a fine stroke of irony, declare yourself to be an incompetent judge; 'What you now say passes my poor powers of comprehension; it may be all very true, but I can't understand it, and I refrain from any expression of opinion on it!' In this way you insinuate to the bystanders with whom you are in good repute, that what your opponent says is nonsense." Again, "When your opponent has answered several of your questions without the answers turning out favourably to the conclusion at which you are aiming, advance the desired conclusion, although it does not in the least follow, as though it had been proved, and proclaim it in a tone of triumph. If your opponent is shy or stupid, and you yourself possess a great deal of impudence and a good voice, the trick may easily succeed." But two or three examples hardly suggest the effect of the whole, which runs through almost the whole gamut of controversial trickery, where we meet friends we have used or suffered from in every example, and which we read with about equal amusement and shame.

The reflections and aphorisms in the second part of the book are hardly so original as those Mr. Saunders has previously translated; but among them we find some to enjoy or to differ from with interest. The weakest chapter is that "On the Comparative Place of Interest and Beauty in Works of Art," which is too elementary for those who have any ideas of æsthetics, and not explicit enough for such as have none. In the others he is as eloquently scornful as usual of stupid people, and as haughtily partial to genius. Here is a curious comparison. "This knowledge of the world, the inmost being of which is communicable only in *ideas*, is common both to the genius and to the saint. The distinction between the two is that the genius reveals his knowledge by rendering it in some form of his own choice, and the product is Art. For this the saint, as such, possesses no direct faculty; he makes an immediate application of his knowledge to his own will, which is thus led into a denial of the world." "Of great villainy," he says again, "he [the genius] is totally incapable; and his conscience is less oppressed by ordinary sin than the conscience of the ordinary man, because life, as it were, is a game, and he sees through it." Here is his advice to the man of genius:—"Let him guard himself from pain, keep care at a distance, and limit his desires; but those of them which he cannot suppress let him satisfy to the full." His saying about genius having its roots in memory is dark, but it is worth examination. Of course, many of his reflections that look tame enough in cold print are vain expostulations with a humanity that will never actually believe them in life. "People of a strange and curious temperament can be happy only under strange circumstances, such as suit their nature." "Every man is compelled to follow his own mode of acting and thinking, with the necessity of a law of nature; and, however we take him, he always remains the same."

In one instance he is surely wrong. "The pain that extends to life, as a whole, and loosens our hold on it, is the only pain that is really *tragic*." "That which attaches to particular objects" is not, he thinks. "Even though pain of the tragic kind proceeds from a single definite object it does not remain there; it takes the separate affliction only as a *symbol* of life as a whole, and transfers it thither." The tragedian does so; and the reflective person does so; but the simple sufferer, struggling blindly and making no sublime generalisations at all, is tragic nevertheless. And there is a curious *non sequitur* in speaking of the value of things remembered, on page 70. In a fault-finding mood we might find a good many vulnerable arguments, and dull or shallow reflections. His way of accounting for confidences given to strangers, for instance, is cynical and not illuminating. But on every other page there are vigorous, frank, and original suggestions. Speaking of the disunity which must exist inside a man, he says:—"The best thing he [man] can do is to recognise which part of him smarts the most under defeat, and let it always gain the victory. . . Let him resolve of his own free will to undergo the pain which the defeat of the other part involves. This is *character*." The lack of a sense of worthiness he holds to be "not merely the greatest, but also the only true affliction." For all his eulogies of genius he does not weakly justify its failings. "Every living man has, by the fact of his living, signed the conditions of life; but they [geniuses] are still more to be pitied. They achieve their redemption, not on the way of virtue, but on a path of their own; and they are saved, not by works, but by faith."

Mr. Saunders promises one more volume, drawn partly from the posthumous papers and partly from the *Parerga*. It will not be superfluous; we can trust his admirable instinct for selecting what is suggestive and stimulating.

* "The Art of Controversy, and Other Posthumous Papers." By Arthur Schopenhauer. Selected and Translated by T. Bailey Saunders. (Sonnenschein.)

NOVEL NOTES.

THE GARDEN OF THE MATCH-BOXES, and other stories. By W. D. Scull. (Elkin Mathews.)

We commend this book of stories only to such as have some leisure to spend over them. The work is fine, not bold and broad. There are no finger-posts to the best points or to the humour. Mr. Scull is not like his own Ali, who bids you in set terms watch the "pearls and gems of his mouth." There is something very unobtrusive in his designs, and his style is much too concentrated to be justly dealt with by a hasty glance given to the pages in a jolting omnibus. Writers who demand so much attention have a hard penalty awaiting them if their matter do not reward a reader's pains, so it may be worth while giving our minds for an hour or so. At the worst, we have the reward of a just indignation for their pretentious failure to amuse.

We need not fall back on such consolation here. Once grasp the fact that there are very few words used in vain, that the writer takes for granted that his reader's faculties are awake, and each of the nine stories has a chance to prove its merit. Four of them are masterly. There is much that is amusing in "The House of the Very Great Man," something finely but variously sympathetic in "A Survivor," "Mrs. Platt," and "A Certain Mr. Smith," and a page or so of almost uncanny subtlety in the weakest of all, "Sibylla." But these are only just good enough to keep company with the others. "The Garden of the Match-Boxes" rouses curiosity as to the meaning of its title; it keeps interest alive for better reasons. The match-boxes have a good deal less to do with the narrative than the famous cream-tarts of another tale; but they illustrate what seems to be Mr. Scull's method of story-making—Stevenson used it, too. He does not follow events up till they reach a dramatic climax. He sees a picture, a bit of landscape, or a face, and there comes on him a sense of the value of such as the start or the summary of a story. The grotesque figure of a colossal smoker sitting amid his litter has blended with the ludicrous travesty of some eccentric Englishmen in an Oriental mind; and this wonder of the Eastern has called up the landscape and the atmosphere and the circumstance of Egypt. The whole is at once a fantastia, an extract from Egyptian life, an excellent bit of landscape, and something of a harlequinade. It is not meant for serious persons. "Ali the Grasping-greedy," perhaps the most enjoyable of them all, is the description of a shrewd, eloquent rogue of a professional story-teller, to whose audience are given numerous opportunities of rewarding him, opportunities which punctuate his narrative. "The Old House at Brindisi" translates the look of a dreary building and of a family of Italian emigrants into a story; it is the revelation of the last terrible meaning of shabbiness. But for sheer power there is none so good as "Escape," the tale of an Englishman who, fleeing from a Spanish fortress, escapes pistol shots, the horrors of the great Thirst Land—the one man that ever crossed it—and reaches, after infinite torture and a courage that refuses to die, a sight of plains and palms and a river, only to meet death in the sudden stroke of a puff-adder lying by the plants his tongue cried out to touch. The style throughout the stories has nothing at all commonplace about it. Now and again it is of such excellence that we pounce indignantly on a loose phrase, a useless repetition, or a faulty rhythm, the kind of weakness which is almost unpardonable in this kind of work. The fact is, he has adopted a manner which demands something like perfection of phrasing, and a good deal more conciseness than our language, that loves elbow-room and long curves, can comfortably accommodate itself to. But he has adopted it with a conscience, has used it mostly for fit subjects, and there are passages in the first story, in "Sibylla," in "The Old House at Brindisi," and in "Escape," where you stop to say this writer has learned his craft and might teach it to others. He has imagination, though possibly it is more agile than rich; he shows no symptoms of either the gift or the snare of ready fluency; he has humour, and allows himself the liberty of laughing in a very independent fashion. But the solemn person would need reasons we could not give for bestowing much time on these light sketches, and others who skim them hurriedly, on the outlook for high-coloured passages, may ask discontentedly at the end what they are all about.

ADAM JOHNSTONE'S SON. By F. Marion Crawford. 6s. (Macmillan.)

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The fact is, Mr. Tennyson's place is among the pure lyrists, the charm of whose work lies in the artless artistry of self-expression; and though there is in his verse a certain remoteness which will exclude him from the suffrages of the crowd, he will hold his audience among lovers of that essential poetry which by its mere existence vindicates its right to exist.

THE ART OF CONTROVERSY.*

A West End bookseller with a fashionable *clientèle* said not long ago, that among his lady customers who read anything beyond fiction, Schopenhauer was popular. The reason is not perhaps far to seek. There are hard enough things in the *Parerga* to puzzle trained students and frighten away elegant amateurs. But Schopenhauer, though he had an ill-natured scorn of ignorance, wrote largely and wrote best for a lay audience. He is a picturesque philosopher; he has examples from modern life and present failings and habits of mind continually at his fingers' ends. His very scolding is an agreeable stimulant; he may hate his readers, but he is not indifferent to them. He has gained a wider popularity, therefore, than many simpler philosophers. In England, too, he is much indebted to the admirable translations and the intelligent selections made by Mr. Bailey Saunders, who has a right instinct as to what interests the intelligent person, and has worked for him and not for specialists. The present volume is drawn from Schopenhauer's posthumous papers. It contains the Art of Controversy, part of which, however, appeared in the *Parerga* in the author's lifetime, and some selections and aphorisms of the kind that the translator has already given us examples of in "The Wisdom of Life" and "Counsels and Maxims." Mr. Saunders naively says of the first section—"The intelligent reader will discover that a good deal of its contents is of an ironical character." The fact is, the subject is the "Art of getting the best of it in a dispute." Schopenhauer at least did love truth, and did very heartily hate all compromises with it, all shuffling with intellectual integrity, all the subterfuges, the tricks, the petty triumphs of the rabble; his exposure of these is masterly. Mr. Saunders calls it ironical: we call it ferocious; but ferocious in that most excellent and most hopeless cause, which seeks to nourish a sense of honour in things of the mind. "If you know that you have no reply to the arguments which your opponent advances, you may, by a fine stroke of irony, declare yourself to be an incompetent judge; 'What you now say passes my poor powers of comprehension; it may be all very true, but I can't understand it, and I refrain from any expression of opinion on it!' In this way you insinuate to the bystanders with whom you are in good repute, that what your opponent says is nonsense." Again, "When your opponent has answered several of your questions without the answers turning out favourably to the conclusion at which you are aiming, advance the desired conclusion, although it does not in the least follow, as though it had been proved, and proclaim it in a tone of triumph. If your opponent is shy or stupid, and you yourself possess a great deal of impudence and a good voice, the trick may easily succeed." But two or three examples hardly suggest the effect of the whole, which runs through almost the whole gamut of controversial trickery, where we meet friends we have used or suffered from in every example, and which we read with about equal amusement and shame.

The reflections and aphorisms in the second part of the book are hardly so original as those Mr. Saunders has previously translated; but among them we find some to enjoy or to differ from with interest. The weakest chapter is that "On the Comparative Place of Interest and Beauty in Works of Art," which is too elementary for those who have any ideas of æsthetics, and not explicit enough for such as have none. In the others he is as eloquently scornful as usual of stupid people, and as haughtily partial to genius. Here is a curious comparison. "This knowledge of the world, the inmost being of which is communicable only in *ideas*, is common both to the genius and to the saint. The distinction between the two is that the genius reveals his knowledge by rendering it in some form of his own choice, and the product is Art. For this the saint, as such, possesses no direct faculty; he makes an immediate application of his knowledge to his own will, which is thus led into a denial of the world." "Of great villainy," he says again, "he [the genius] is totally incapable; and his conscience is less oppressed by ordinary sin than the conscience of the ordinary man, because life, as it were, is a game, and he sees through it." Here is his advice to the man of genius:—"Let him guard himself from pain, keep care at a distance, and limit his desires; but those of them which he cannot suppress let him satisfy to the full." His saying about genius having its roots in memory is dark, but it is worth examination. Of course, many of his reflections that look tame enough in cold print are vain expostulations with a humanity that will never actually believe them in life. "People of a strange and curious temperament can be happy only under strange circumstances, such as suit their nature." "Every man is compelled to follow his own mode of acting and thinking, with the necessity of a law of nature; and, however we take him, he always remains the same."

In one instance he is surely wrong. "The pain that extends to life, as a whole, and loosens our hold on it, is the only pain that is really *tragic*." "That which attaches to particular objects" is not, he thinks. "Even though pain of the tragic kind proceeds from a single definite object it does not remain there; it takes the separate affliction only as a *symbol* of life as a whole, and transfers it thither." The tragedian does so; and the reflective person does so; but the simple sufferer, struggling blindly and making no sublime generalisations at all, is tragic nevertheless. And there is a curious *non sequitur* in speaking of the value of things remembered, on page 70. In a fault-finding mood we might find a good many vulnerable arguments, and dull or shallow reflections. His way of accounting for confidences given to strangers, for instance, is cynical and not illuminating. But on every other page there are vigorous, frank, and original suggestions. Speaking of the disunity which must exist inside a man, he says:—"The best thing he [man] can do is to recognise which part of him smarts the most under defeat, and let it always gain the victory. . . Let him resolve of his own free will to undergo the pain which the defeat of the other part involves. This is *character*." The lack of a sense of worthiness he holds to be "not merely the greatest, but also the only true affliction." For all his eulogies of genius he does not weakly justify its failings. "Every living man has, by the fact of his living, signed the conditions of life; but they [geniuses] are still more to be pitied. They achieve their redemption, not on the way of virtue, but on a path of their own; and they are saved, not by works, but by faith."

Mr. Saunders promises one more volume, drawn partly from the posthumous papers and partly from the *Parerga*. It will not be superfluous; we can trust his admirable instinct for selecting what is suggestive and stimulating.

* "The Art of Controversy, and Other Posthumous Papers." By Arthur Schopenhauer. Selected and Translated by T. Bailey Saunders. (Sonnenschein.)

NOVEL NOTES.

THE GARDEN OF THE MATCH-BOXES, and other stories. By W. D. Scull. (Elkin Mathews.)

We commend this book of stories only to such as have some leisure to spend over them. The work is fine, not bold and broad. There are no finger-posts to the best points or to the humour. Mr. Scull is not like his own Ali, who bids you in set terms watch the "pearls and gems of his mouth." There is something very unobtrusive in his designs, and his style is much too concentrated to be justly dealt with by a hasty glance given to the pages in a jolting omnibus. Writers who demand so much attention have a hard penalty awaiting them if their matter do not reward a reader's pains, so it may be worth while giving our minds for an hour or so. At the worst, we have the reward of a just indignation for their pretentious failure to amuse.

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which seems unnecessarily incredible, the story of the bag of precious stones, hidden by old John Burnikel in the beginning of the century, lost for long, and found at a crucial point of one of the heroes' fortunes. But Sir Walter is in this story most evidently catering for two or three distinct kinds of readers, and the treasure legend is a bribe to the younger and lighter ones to swallow some wholesome food; and besides, fortunes and the romance of money generally, his recent fiction shows to be a favourite material with him. But the actual story is really amusing. We are introduced to two cousins. One has had a wealthy bringing-up. He moves in the West-end world and among Piccadilly clubs. Suddenly he finds himself penniless, without a profession. The other is a humble but prosperous boat-builder in Wapping. But the West-ender is a craftsman by instinct, and the Wappingite a politician, a leader of men. How they change lots, and how they are severally trained for their destinies, let Sir Walter tell you. He does it very amusingly, and contrives not to shock your feelings at all when the affianced bride of the Wappingite is turned over to the ex-West-end elegant, while the great lady who might have bestowed her hand on that agreeable young man if he had only had ambition, becomes the wife of the ex-boat-builder and future cabinet minister. Nothing goes wrong in this eminently improbable and cheerful world of Sir Walter's.

GREY MANTLE AND GOLD FRINGE. By D. S. Meldrum. 6s. (Blackwood.)

We might spread words over two pages in an attempt to describe the quality and tone of Mr. Meldrum's stories, and then his own title would stare us in the face and make us look foolish. For it is not only poetical to look at, but it has the subtle accuracy of poetry, as well. Quiet Fifeshire hill-sides and straths are the background, against which humble, homely folks lead lives of monotonous difficulty. The stories are mainly extracts from such lives, but the selecter has watched them in many lights and various moods, and seen the colourless web fringed and patterned many a time with humour and romance. Mr. Meldrum prefers quiet effects. He never forces the note or coerces a reader's mood. He suggests lightly, and leaves off a story before the obvious ending. A little vague he is, maybe, at his weakest points, but in compensation there is a welcome absence in him of that dull persistence in merely local allusion which has no universal interest that mars and debases so much of the work of some other Scottish story-tellers. "The Laird of Inch" has abundant national characteristics in it, though it is not uncouth, while "A Touch of Spring" has along with the accurate "local colour," which present fashion demands, and in combination with personages of a very definite, solid flesh-and-blood kind, a sense of airiness, an atmosphere of the spirit which marks it off very honourably from most of our local fiction.

TALES OF SOUTH AFRICA. By H. A. Bryden. (A. Constable.)

Books about South Africa are legion. They annotate things the newspapers talk about, but are otherwise not often attractive. Mr. Bryden's stands out among them. Of the look of the country, the temper of the people, and the motives of their pursuits we have learnt much from him, not under the guise of information, but through the medium of well-told stories. Even when his tales do not contain very much in the way of incident they are lively nevertheless, for Mr. Bryden's style is vividly pictorial. There are more exciting adventures in the book, but none that kept our attention faster than "Verloren Vlei," a description of a search for a lost mountain tarn, and "A Boer Pastoral," an account of the primitive family life in a rough Arcadia, both of which reveal a writer who has got near the heart of the country he speaks of, not a mere hunter or digger or speculator, as so many bookmakers of South Africa show themselves to be.

GLADYS PEMBERTON. By F. M. S. Scott. (Smith, Elder.)

Miss Scott is possessed of a homicidal mania. There are only three persons in her book we care for very much—Gladwys, who finds salvation from the evils of a worldly home at a London High School, and is a heroine ever after, and two little girls really amusing and pathetic and original. They are all dead at the end, just to punish the two children's father, that wicked Welsh vicar who didn't brick up the old well after repeated warnings of fever. That the writer is at the beginning of her career, every word and accent of hers tell plainly. Let us counsel her to keep her amusing and even her magnificently noble people alive for the most part. At least, she owes us no more death-beds for a long time to come.

SIMON RYAN THE PETERITE. By Augustus Jessop. 1s. (Unwin.)

Simon Ryan is too much of a madman to rouse our deepest interest and sympathy. His is a mind so hopelessly diseased as to have almost lost kinship with the average vagrant minds of the rest of us. Irritation and aversion he will, therefore, generally produce, save in students of mental ailments. But here and there rents in the film that blinded and tangled him let us see what his nature would have been in its freedom—a nature of rare tenderness, vibrating to emotions and to spiritual commands. Dr. Jessop has treated his absurdities, his maniacal hatred against Paul, his prophetic attitude towards Dolly his wife, known as the Lady Electa, and his clamouring, homicidal jealousy of rivals in the affections of his young son, with a kind of sympathetic reverence, which impresses us with a sad interest in the dark house in the wood and its queer, unworldly inmates.

THE LIMB. An Episode of Adventure. By X. L. 6s. (Innes.)

This is a novel very difficult to describe, account for, or do justice to. It is, in fact, a very poor novel, with a great many interesting pages in it, full of wild confusion, and, at the same time, very definite knowledge of things that only someone of wide and unusual experience or sources of information could possess. You are likely enough to meet in the same chapter examples of pettily snobbish and of largely generous feeling, and in the same page proofs of literary culture and flagrant journalese. It is stuck thick with quotations from languages ancient and modern, with knowing references to great personages living and dead, to life and habits in most of the European capitals, in a way to dazzle a country cousin. Looked at from a merely literary point of view, it is a rather a vulgar production; looked at otherwise, and more justly, it is magnificently young, and might be the work of a precocious schoolboy who had spent many admiring hours in the company of his cousin the attaché. The story moves persistently in the grand world, amongst rakish noblemen, Russian princes, and royal personages. Among these the "Limb" is in his element. On easy terms with them, he enjoys their favour complacently. We have Mr. X. L.'s word for it that he was very good looking, very high-bred, very graceful, and being a successful Eton schoolboy, no doubt he had abundant assurance. This young light-hearted conqueror is made much of just now in fiction, but Jock Erskine is given various qualities which his author has hardly skill enough to blend. His admiration for a disreputable and contemptible rake of a kinsman is about as warm as that he conceives for a young genius, a Russian Jew, who has the voice of an angel and the soul of a prophet. How the "Limb" gets into a whirl of impossible plots—even with Russia as a background all plots are not credible—and is sent off to Siberia; how he murders his keepers to get his liberty, narrowly escapes being eaten by wolves, lives disguised as a girl who has "loved not wisely but too well," under the protection of an old Russian lady devoted to the care and reform of such weak young persons, makes a wild tale, not one word of which produces the illusion of reality. Meanwhile his friend, the angel Michka, has been deluded into thinking himself the Messiah by arch-plotters, whose ruin of him, however, is forestalled by facts that come to his knowledge that he is not of the tribe of Judah, not even a Jew at all. In his despair he is bidden to go and look on the dead face of his loved benefactress, who had always longed for him to be a Christian, but who would never use persuasion. He is in a mood to answer her longings, but when he opens the coffin he sees, by some hideous mistake, not the face of the dead saint, but that of the dead villain, the fiendish plotter. Then the ex-Messiah hangs himself. We cannot tell the story more coherently. It is a wild tangle of awkward invention. The author's longings after

poetry, his devotion to the ideal and the spiritual are all mixed up with puerile admiration of superficial glitter. If X. L. would forget all that he has read, and clear his mind, he has eagerness and energy to write something which would reflect his fervour and yet not end in a sputter.

THE WORLD AND A MAN. By Z. Z. 6s. (Heinemann.)

"The World and a Man" is a novel of distinct merit. A very great deal of London life in the present day has been transferred to it. It is a story of reality and of real human nature, told by one who has studied modern difficulties very closely, and with understanding and sympathy. We make a statement rather than a complaint when we say it is elaborately painstaking, that of all the years described hardly a day seems to be omitted, that we are scarcely allowed to hazard a guess about the hero, for all is set down so neatly and fully by the recording novelist. Personally this seems to us a wearisome method, especially when the life recorded is grey in hue, and very familiar in aspect. But it is a very respectable method, seemingly well-adapted to the temper of the writers of the day. It is one that refuses to let slipshod work go unnoticed; and many readers follow with peculiar satisfaction such slow progress, in which there is no chance of mystification or misunderstanding. And Mr. Z. Z.'s work if it be over-conscientious in its plan and amount, is not dull in detail. The story is interesting, that of a young man who began life with a keen sense of justice, with idealist principles, but who lost both during a bitter struggle with the world, and ended in cynicism and in the indulgence of tastes that are far from elevated. From first to last we follow the history with the conviction that things happened so. The half-educated lad's emancipation from ordinary opinions; his revolt from the commonplace, comfortable life at his uncle's; his companionship among "commercials"; his temptations; his union with Minnie; his money embarrassments; the depths he sank to as a moneyless man in London; his awakening to the sense that he had not been sensible; the successful appeal to his uncle; his reinstatement; and his fall to the commonplace level of the average cynic—these are all accurately described. Only, we take leave to differ from Z. Z. all the same. Luke is treated throughout as an idealist who fell to materialism through too close contact with a dirty world. Not at all. He never was such, though in his impressionable youth he borrowed and cherished some idealist principles, a very different matter. Had he been what the writer calls him, his career might have been even more bitter and ruinous. He himself would have been broken, but the idealism would have remained. It is remarkably indestructible compared with the frail vessels that sometimes hold it.

A BRIDE ELECT. By Theo Douglas. 1s. (Macmillan.)

This is a very sensational story indeed. A girl is hypnotised away on the eve of her wedding by an old madman who had wanted her to be his wife. She is done to death, her body preserved according to a secret receipt known only to the madman, who is at once occultist and scientist. Suspicion falls, meanwhile, on the wrong person, and every one is very miserable till the murderer dies of an experiment he has made upon himself, when all is revealed, including the beautiful body of the bride-elect, gorgeously attired and lying as if asleep. The writer has made an elderly lady, who has spent most of her life in philanthropy, tell this story, and her plan is a very wearisome one, including as it does all Redworth the villain's dull spiritualistic ravings. The ordinary crude style of the "shilling dreadful" would have better fitted the subject.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE ENGLAND OF TO-DAY. From the Portuguese of Oliveira Martins. Translated by C. J. Willdey. (G. Allen.)

Says our Portuguese critic: "To my mind the most general and characteristic phenomenon in England at the present time is the democratic revival, with a socialist and mystic turn. . . . One may almost say that there is not a family in which they do not consult the spirits by means of tables or hats." These two sentences are characteristic of the judgment Mr. Martins formed of us when he paid us a visit a few years ago. Read all his chapters through, and you find in each he is mostly on the right tack; he is shrewd as well as industriously watchful; and yet he makes his case of little value to an Englishman because of his absurd exaggerations. The series of which this is the first volume, "As Others See Us," to be published under the general editorship of Mr. Joseph Jacobs, gives shape to an excellent idea. It is sure to produce many criticisms from foreigners that will interest, startle, amuse, and very likely shame us. The present volume has been written by an intelligent, industrious man, who examined our trade, our art, our religion, our government, our amusements, with some closeness. Facts he was energetic in gathering, but perhaps they did not much alter his original ideas about us, that we are a mystic, tragic, barbarous, wonderful, sordid, and rather repugnant people. Are we? We shall be the last to know the truth. Mr. Martins, whether a true prophet or not, is a watcher. He is a reckless generaliser, but he is not a parrot. "Merry England," he says, "is returning to the moral condition of the sixteenth century, with the refinements and complications of three centuries of civilisation. When she gets there then she will write some more comedies like the 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' . . . The hair-shirt of asceticism does not fit it; and it does not agree with light and airy Gallicism. In the one case it is counterfeit, and in the other ridiculous." Mr. Martins' book should be read.

POEMS. By Cecil Frances Alexander. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Perhaps a smaller selection would have satisfied Mrs. Alexander's admirers. But here is a case where a literary judgment is not the final one. We can imagine that complaints will be made because every line of her verse is not reprinted, merely as a homage to her good work and influence. Judgment, therefore, by the narrower canons of criticism becomes foolishness. And yet the volume bears such a test wonderfully well considering its substantial size. Mrs. Alexander did, indeed, take away much of the reproach from English hymn-writing, that the maudlin and the commonplace were its ordinary material. Her special gift was her pictorial vision of sacred events, which she rendered now and again with exquisite art, a legacy from the old carolists. Unluckily she had a fatal gift of fluency and the good-natured habit of writing occasional verse. It is not very lively work reading through her secular poems, but it has its reward in lines of real poetry, intense and strong—in "The Irish Mother's Lament," which might be Lady Dufferin's, and in "The Little White Ghost," to name but two examples. Yet none of the miscellaneous poems have the simple directness of those that made her fame, "There is a green hill far away" and "Once in royal David's city." Dr. Alexander has written a dignified preface to this selection from his wife's verse. Is he right, by the way, in considering humility so very rare a virtue in literary men and women? We doubt if biographies would bear this out.

SIX LECTURES ON THE NICENE-FATHERS. By Fenton John Anthony Hort, D.D. (Macmillan and Co.)

In 1890 Dr. Hort gave a short course of lectures on the Ante-Nicene Fathers to the Clergy Training School at Cambridge. The lectures were written out in full, and are now published under the editorial care of the author's son. They are elementary. They do not entangle the reader in the thorny doctrinal and critical questions which might have been raised on those patristic fields, but give a simple account of the life and character of each of the outstanding Christian writers of the period from the end of the first to the beginning of the third century, with sufficient extracts from their extant writings as will make their position and aim intelligible. In short, these lectures will be found a very suitable introduction to the more prolonged and searching study of one of the most interesting and significant periods of the history of the Church. Dr. Thomas Arnold used to select ripe scholars for the teaching of junior forms. The wisdom of this is illustrated by Dr. Hort's lectures; for although intended for beginners, the treatment is only such as a veteran could have afforded, and the insight of the casual remarks reminds us that we are in the company not of a compiler, but of an original scholar.

A PRIMER OF TENNYSON: with a Critical Essay. By William Macneill Dixon. 2s. 6d. (Methuen.)

A HANDBOOK TO THE WORKS OF ALFRED LORD TENNYSON. By Morton Luce. 6s. (Bell.)

This kind of book multiplies fast. It is generally received ungraciously, merely forgiven if it be well done, but always told that it is superfluous. Yet its execution is mostly worse than its aim. For there is such a thing as the systematic study of modern poetry, and such books might help it considerably. But an examination of Mr. Morton Luce's volume drives one to despair. His Handbook is conscientious in the extreme; it shows evidence that he has read a very great deal in different languages, living and dead; he is what is vaguely called a cultivated man; and of his love of letters there can be no reasonable doubt. Well, it is only another proof that enthusiasm, industry, and cultivation are weak things after all, when they are the critic's sole stock in trade. Scattered through the thick book there are some facts and dates, considerations on rhythm and rhyme—very controvertible some of these. But Mr. Luce is not much concerned with such matters. Impartially he comments on every poem; but give him a nice little lyric embodying a very obvious sentiment, and he is in his element preaching from the text. If there exists anyone dull to the meaning of "Break, break" and "Tears, idle tears," surely he is morally and intellectually so stunted as to be beyond salvation by handbooks. Mr. Luce does not think so, and gives to the former all but two pages of such original reflection as—"In the first stanza of the fifth poem of 'In Memoriam' the poet dwells on the inadequacy of mere words to express emotion; real sorrow lies so deep within the soul, and is so sacred, that to give it outward shape in language is little short of profanity." His "search after the inmost meaning" of "Tears, idle tears" extends to eight and a half pages! Mr. Luce has missed his vocation. He has all the talents for a popular lecturer.

Professor Dixon's Primer is a very different kind of thing. It does not pretend to be nearly so exhaustive, often groups poems, and speaks of them generally, instead of in detail, yet it is far more definite, business-like, informative, as well as very much more literary. We can imagine a teacher finding it of real use in the cultivation of his pupil's taste, and as a brief record of Tennyson's career and development, for those who have not Mr. Stopford Brooke's or Mr. Waugh's books at hand, it is deserving of high praise. The criticism is open to contradiction, but it is robust, and there is no undignified and feeble wordiness about it. The Primer has, however, no index, a fault which is, of course, absent from the industrious Mr. Luce's compilation. Both books have useful bibliographies.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS. By Capt. the Hon. D. Bingham. 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

Captain Bingham witnessed the closing scenes and the fall of the Second Empire, and the rise and development of the Third Republic. During his stay in Paris he wrote a great deal for English papers, and his journalistic experiences supplement those which came naturally to one who had an easy entry into whatever society he chose to frequent. These two volumes are very good to spend the leisure of a few days over. We gather that he did not take his task too seriously. His tone is light, and his matter so varied that it must include much that is merely frivolous. We think, therefore, he has done well in taking little pains to arrange the contents very systematically. It is in keeping with the style and aim of the book that we should have a political situation, an incident at a ball, and a literary anecdote following hard on one another's heels. There is a good deal of scandal, and a great deal of gossip, some of it trivial enough; but it is generally harmless, and brings us a real whiff of the quick, stimulating Paris air. In an unambitious, even careless way, Capt. Bingham draws scores of lifelike sketches of persons, notable or merely notorious or queer, that were familiar five-and-twenty years ago. A strange medley they are, including Father Prout, Fréderic Lemaître, the heroines of the demi-monde, Gambetta, and the ex-King of Oude. During the Siege and the Commune he kept a Diary, and the day-to-day accounts of these times are vivid and of considerable historic importance. His opinions he holds in not too stubborn a fashion but that he is willing to look all round and beyond them for amusement and gossip and interest. This, and the fact that he has not too rigid a sense of dignity, but will vary his account of Thiers by a story about his own hatter, fit him admirably to be a writer of Recollections.

RIVERSIDE LETTERS. By George D. Leslie, R.A. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

These are a continuation of the "Letters to Marco," and are addressed, as were the others, to Mr. Stacy Marks. They are similar in character, that is, they are the simple effusions of a man who loves country-life and gardening and watching the ways of beast and bird and flower with a sincere and hearty love, and who feels he must talk about it all. He talks to some purpose. Amateur gardeners may get not a few hints from the letters, and to busy folks in city pent they have a most tantalising air of leisure and freshness. He confesses that this present series were originally written with some view to publication, seeing that the first had been so great a success. But this has not spoilt them a bit. Mr. Leslie has no literary ambitions, and never tries to write finely. There is a good deal of garrulity in the matter of his epistles, but it does not make them inordinately long, and as it is all a part of his amiable enthusiasm, we readily forgive it. As might be expected, the Academician shows himself, and the illustrations here are even better than those in "Letters to Marco."

NOCTURNES AND PASTORALS. By A. Bernard Miall. (L. Smithers).

ORCHIDS. By Theodore Wratislaw. (L. Smithers).

These two verse writers have other links besides the possession of the same publisher. They are both disciples of the same master; they both aspire to express the senses and passions. You know mostly what to expect of them—that after some gloating on what one of them calls "perfumed sins," a scent of church incense will rise in our nostrils, and probably a chant to the Virgin in our ears. This is literally true of Mr. Wratislaw, only in a modified way of Mr. Miall. In the latter's "Nocturnes and Pastorals" there is a great deal that is quite inoffensive and pretty in sentiment, though there are no technical excellences and not a word to stir the heart. They have probably the same poetic ideals, but it is unfair to lump them together. Mr. Wratislaw always exceeds whatever be the quality held in common. If Mr. Miall be dull, he is duller; if sensual, he is, or rather his words are, more so; if one longs after the exotic, the other is terribly scornful of the homegrown. "I hate," says this bold bad young man,

> "the flower of wood or common field"—

a kind of speech very familiar to all who have known spirited and self-conscious youth at seventeen. In "Orchids," you listen to a storm of passionate embracings by stage lovers who are conscientiously anxious to perform their difficult parts well; you are taken into most interesting scenes that have waited till now to be adequately sung. "At the Stage-door" is an instance.

> "Down the passage, where the gas
> Vainly struggles with the wind,
> Straggling groups of women pass.
>
> This one, stamping chilly toes,
> Waits for one who lags behind"—

We think that the reader will like to finish the verse for himself, and hope that he has well appreciated the rhyme, marked the wonderful observation, and said to himself, "What a picture!" There is a poem called "Impression," that begins—

> "Five bourgeois faces as the reeling train
> Plunged headlong into darkness and the damp,
> Glared in the dull light of the yellow lamp,
> Five faces not indicative of brain."

At last we have found some words to thank Mr. Wratislaw for. His lyrics are "not indicative of brain," nor of imagination,

nor of sincerity. He has starved himself of the stuff that makes poetry, has battened on the great poet's stubble-field, because he has not the spirit's right of entry into his orchards and his garners. He is, we regret to tell him, not an immoral writer, but as yet a puerile and an undistinguished one, and, for all his talk of "coloured sorrows and perfumed sins," colourless and dull, very likely because he is doing violence to his whole nature. We except from these remarks one or two bits of religious verse. In his "Ave Maris Stella" he has caught the manner of the modern hymn-writer very well. Mr. Wratislaw could hear scores, nay, hundreds, quite as literary, sung, not in "temples of coloured sorrows," but, say, in Baptist meeting-houses. Yet his would be quite worthy of admission to the hymn-books did they sanction songs to the Star of the Sea. Let him not regret his reaching something like excellence by very common, homely ways.

A CLUSTER OF QUIET THOUGHTS. By Frederick Langbridge. (Religious Tract Society.)

Detached thoughts written down are looked at severely. They have a deprecatingly modest air, and at the same time we look out for their pretentiousness. When they are couched in verse they are even less certain of a friendly greeting. But Mr. Langbridge's may meet the critic's suspicious eye with confidence. There is not one that will not pleasantly suggest some profitable reflection to a devout mind, and in the best, good thought and poetry have very deftly combined. He has walked in the ways of George Herbert, and it is a worthy disciple who writes,—

"I love to see a little lad or maid
Drawing the ocean off with pail and spade.
I love not much to see a grave man nod,
And hold his flask up, saying, 'Here is God'"—

and

"Seeker for peace, this on thy heart I lay:—
Trust thou no short-cut; fare by God's long way"—

and

"Keep but a green bough for his feet,
And God will send a blackbird there."

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. *(An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.)*

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

A. A. (Glasgow).—You have made a great mistake in putting these things into verse. No. 1 contains twelve stanzas; No. 3, fourteen. They could only be fitly dealt with in five lines of prose. All that is essential in No. 2 might be told in a few more—though it is the only one with the germ of a worthy story in it. You seem to have a taste for comic anecdotes. If you told one by word of mouth at such length, your audience would be in the next street before you had come to the point. Briskness is just as necessary in writing. But, frankly, this work is not worth spending time over. It is quite useless, and not a little undignified.

A. H. C.—P. 1 "Called" is a better word than "denominated" for your purpose. Your language is too formal throughout. Cultivate a brisker style. You can invent a story, and this one might find a home in some magazine of minor fiction.

A. M. S.—Charming. Work at it a little more. The "her" in stanza 1 is a little ambiguous. Line 4, stanza 4, halts a little, but such a variation of the rhythm is perhaps justifiable. I prefer "hide our" to "keep it" in the last verse.

A. W.—Very interesting indeed. You should have no difficulty in disposing of this in Edinburgh, if the stories are mostly new. If Edinburgh papers refuse it, some other in the south of Scotland would be more hospitable. The title might be altered with advantage to include mention of the other people of whom you speak. Change your "we" and "us" and "our" to "I" and "me" and "my." It is less awkward. The spelling is awful. Have your copy revised by some dull person of correct orthographical habits before you send it to an editor.

AL FRESCO.—Newspapers print this kind of thing sometimes. It is good enough to offer to one. Trust to forcible words, not to exclamation marks, for your effects. It is not necessary to quote in a case like that on p. 3, line 4. You might appropriate a reflection so little striking, and no one be wronged.

E. ADAMS.—Very good advice to ladies, doubtless. But why is it in verse?

G. BENSON.—Very delicate in feeling, and with some promise in it. I don't advise you to send this, however. It is rather thin, and not very interesting. Keep to your brevity and your restraint in your next attempts, however.

BRENDA.—The only criticism worth having in a thing of this sort is the demeanour of your audience. Do they laugh? Then it is good. When they pass your jokes with stolid faces, cut mercilessly. It seems amusing, and nothing is too improbable for a farce. Style has nothing to do with the matter.

C. M. B.—The "matter" is probably that you sent it to some magazine that likes comfortable stories. This one is hardly pleasant. The situation is good, and it is well written on the whole. Either as a sensational story or as an awful warning it may be accepted still.

DISCONTENT.—No, certainly not. Your "energetic sire" was an excellent critic. Listen to him, and out of kindness to yourself nip the hopes you mention in the bud at once. Applied science may do something for you. Ask someone who knows. But verse-writing or prose-writing never.

E. C.—You should choose some scheme of metre and stick to it. These "Songs" are quite formless—pretty in sentiment, of course.

EXODUS.—Inconsequent, but thrilling. By-the-bye, is "Farewell" so much worse than "Good-bye"? No, I cannot hold out any hope of profit. And I could not give a fuller opinion of these verses.

HAMADRYAD.—Original in form. You might have made it less uncouth. Some of it I cannot understand—the "unwarranted cloy killing joy," for instance. Can one "stagger" under a "cloy"?

H. M. H.—Hardly smart enough for this form, where for the reader's interest you have no description or anything save the talk to fall back upon. It might have been better as a narrative.

IRIS.—For whom is it written? It is hardly strong enough food for grown people, and it has that deathbed sadness so unwholesome for children. Of course this kind of thing gets published, but less of it than formerly. If you have more such try a minor publisher. The punctuation is shaky.

IXION.—The sentiment is probably quite sincere, but couched in artificial language it does not seem very spontaneous. How decorously you speak of truancy! A little less decorum might improve your verse, which is very correct but not very enjoyable.

JOYCE.—Good so far as it goes. It suggests no criticism.

JUSTICE KENE.—Read other people's verse instead. I don't think criticism would be of any use. But you could find out from books what rhyme and rhythm and metre mean.

LANGDALE.—Well written. You should try your luck with it. Its tinge of sensationalism and supernaturalism, which I think weaken its force, might all the same give it a chance of success in some quarters. Otherwise I should advise your leaving the portrait on the wall at the end.

L. C. M.—Very doubtful statement on p. 1. Originality is not at all necessarily creative power. Again on p. 2—of course, a being with "splendid opportunities and boundless capabilities" would not do what you say, but a being of that kind is rare. Par 3, p. 6 very mixed grammatically. I don't understand all p. 7. Does reading "Hamlet" make *you* feel original? On p. 8 you spoil your own good case by putting your adversary's unfairly. What madman ever proposed to suppress all peculiarities? And what peculiarities are you alluding to? This production is, of course, not literary, probably it is not meant to be. The abrupt sentences and vague generalizations point to its being spoken; and perhaps shot at an audience from the heights of a platform they might be effective. But I am only a critic of young authors, not young orators, and so I may be allowed to advise you to think a little more coherently, and to use a rather less aggressive style. A sincere admirer of peculiar people might be driven to wicked conventional views if scolded in this way.

STUART MACKENZIE.—Very good. I have no criticism to offer. This would have a good chance of acceptance in a short story paper.

MEDICUS.—Might be a very exciting story if you reduced it to a quarter of its present length. It is useless in its present state. Cut out all the irrelevant remarks at the beginning, and all the conversations not strictly necessary. The O'Smith incident is very improbable, whether true or not. There is only good matter for five or six pages. I should advise you to have your MSS. type-written.

RUSSELL MORTIMER.—A thoughtful, carefully-written, and promising essay, though it touches on only one or two points of the subject, and these it hardly attempts to decide. There is an air of timidity about it, which is perhaps only becoming modesty. At any rate, this is an intelligent production, and you might continue your work on the same subject when you have leisure.

PEGASUS.—Very pretty indeed; quite promising. I don't like the "rose—those—shows—goes" rhyme. But it would not be easy to alter it. This is a common weakness in sonnets.

QUASIMODO.—Exceedingly good for your age. You may write stories worth reading yet. There are slips you need not have made, irritating repetitions of words, etc. But even in form it is precocious.

I think, however, that the effect produced at the end is that you were laughing at the sect, which was probably not your intention. You must be more ingenious in your propaganda or more sincere.

R. A. G.—1. Pretty. "Refuge formed" is not an improvement on the other words. 2. Rather jog-trot rhythm; but the first two stanzas would appeal to many halting poets. There is something not quite right with l. 1. In stanza 4 the alternative lin e in pencil, "Yet sobbing in the wind, etc.," is the better. No. 2 is heavy and wants polishing, but would repay it more than the better made and commonplace No. 1.

S. G.—Nice verses, but I do not advise you to send them to an editor.

A. SCOTTE.—The verses on "Winter" have some merit. They are a little too long for what they contain. The one beginning "Sweet Ideal" is very poor. I should advise you to defer thoughts of publishing. You could only publish these at your own expense.

T. P. K.—The idea is excellent, and save that it is told a little too lengthily no fault could be found with it. You have put the worst interpretation on Jack. A genial fellow might have done the same thing—only he'd have been found out. That would have made a more humorous but perhaps a less impressive story.

T—(undecipherable)—H.—A striking situation, but not one you could possibly deal with adequately without much more experience. It is at once a childish production and very good for your age. To give one definite criticism—the bringing of the news of his deed to the king, and his reception and final comprehension of the news, should last but a sentence or two. Why should you "drop it"? You should only be beginning. But it is too early for anyone to prophesy about you.

R. RAWLINS WHITE.—Very good work, careful, conscientious, and with no blunders. It is a little slow, goes on too much in a monotone. You might cut bits out with advantage, especially in the first half. An editor would not like to tackle the MS. in its present form. It is very neat, but not legible.

X. Y. G. O.—Unequal. There are fine lines, and there are very obscure and clumsy ones. Reading it aloud I stumbled over extra syllables too often. It has a dignified sound, and some good matter. As you say, the metre is a very difficult one. It could only come right after long elaboration. The last line in stanza 3 is particularly faulty.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BAILEY, Rev. J. R., and SNELL, Rev. H. H.—On Old-fashioned Lines, Two Series of Mid-day Addresses, 3/6..J. Clarke

BUSSELL, F. W.—The School of Plato, its Origin, Development, and Revival under the Roman Empire, 10 6 .....Methuen

CABLE, G. W.—The Busy Man's Bible.....S.S.U.
[*Gives practical suggestions how to get the best out of few and short opportunities for Bible study.*]

Catechism on the Chief Points of Difference between the Church of England and the Church of Rome, 2d. .....E. Stock

COMENIUS.—The Great Didactic of, edited by M. W. Keating, 7/6 Black

Companion to the Daily Services of the Church in England, 3/6 Mowbray

DAVIDS, T. W. R.—Buddhism, its History and Literature, 6/- Putnam

DEARDEN, H. W.—Church Teaching on Foundation Truths, 3/6 Stock

ELAND, Rev. E. H.—The Layman's Introduction to the Book of Common Prayer, 5/- .....Longmans

FINNEY, Rev. C. G.—The Way of Salvation, Sermons, 4/- Dickenson

FOXELL, W. J.—God's Garden, Sunday Talks with Boys, 3/6 Macmillan
[*Dean Farrar in introducing these short sermons of Canon Foxall's speaks of their "forcible simplicity and manly forthrightness," and with justice. Schoolmasters will be grateful for their publication.*]

HAINES, E. W.—The Lord's Supper.....Stock
[*Mr. Haines discusses the question whether the ordinance is a memorial ceremony only or whether there is a miraculous element in it, and gives his adherence to the former position.*]

HEYWOOD, H. R.—Sermons and Addresses, 3/6 net .....Longmans

HORTON, R. F.—On Living Together, 1/- net.....Isbister
[*A distinguished little book. The question of Christian courtesy has never been treated more sympathetically.*]

KEN, T.—By F. A. Clarke, 3/6 (Leaders of Religion).....Methuen

LEA, H. C.—History of Auricular Confession and Indulgences in the Latin Church, vol. 2, 15/-.....Sonnenschein

MCTAGGART, J. M. E.—Studies in the Hegelian Dialectic, 8/- Camb. Univ. Press

Modern Reader's Bible, The; Ecclesiastes and The Wisdom of Solomon, edited by R. G. Moulton, 2/6.....Macmillan
[*Dr. Moulton's editing of the biblical "Ecclesiastes," and the apocryphal "Wisdom of Solomon," is completely satisfactory. The analysis of the two books and their comparison are most interestingly suggestive.*]

MONTEFIORE, C. G.—The Bible for Home Reading, 6/-....Macmillan
[*Meant for the home-reading of Jewish parents and children. The comments and reflections are just numerous enough to make the text intelligible without outside aid. Mr. Montefiore has performed a long task with great care and intelligence.*]

MOULE, H. C. G.—Prayers and Promises .....Seeley
[*Very brief readings from Scripture, with devotional notes.*]

PERCIVAL, H. R.—The Invocation of Saints Treated Theologically and Historically, 5/-.....Longmans

Practical Reflections on every Verse of the Minor Prophets, by a Clergyman, 4/6 .....Longmans

RANBECK, F. A.—Saints of the Order of St. Benedict, edited by Very Rev. J. R. Morrall, vol. 1, 12/- net .....Hodges

Saviour of the World, The .. ..Stock
[*The writer's point of view is that Jesus belongs to humanity and not to a section of it. His book does not deal with dogmas, therefore, but with the spirit of Christianity, its aim being to distinguish clearly between the Church and the Kingdom of Christ.*]

SHELDON, W. L.—An Ethical Movement, 5/- ....Macmillan
[*Mr. Sheldon is lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis, and is anxious the Ethical movement should spread far. In these chapters he explains the ideal of the Ethical societies, their possibilities for good, and their responsibilities.*]

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[*Mr. Victory rightly thinks that Shakespeare is made too much a text to hang linguistic and technical notes on. He is more concerned with the "soul-wisdom" of the poet, but he has not escaped the other mistake, and he owns it, of putting "far-fetched, transcendental interpretations on rather simple things." His book is marked by nice feeling, if it does little to interpret Shakespeare to such as are capable of understanding him at all.*]
Year-Book of Australia, 1896, edited by Hon. E. Greville, 10/6 net Paul
Yellow Book, The, Vol. 9, 5/- net.....Lowe
[*A good number, if not very distinguished. Among the contributors are Mr. Harland, Dr. Garnett, and Alma Strettell.*]
Younger Sons' Cookery Book, by a Younger Son's Daughter, 6/- Bentley

NEW EDITIONS.

CRAIK, H.—The State in its Relation to Education, the English citizen, 2/6 .....Macmillan
[*This revised edition of Mr. Craik's clear statement of the system that has so far prevailed is of much interest at the present time.*]

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between April 15th and May 15th, 1896:—

LONDON, W.C.

1. Meredith's Amazing Marriage. 6s.
2. Sully's Studies in Childhood. 10s. 6d.
3. Lodge's Richelieu. 2s. 6d.
4. Armstrong's Torpedoes and Torpedo Vessels. 5s.
5. The Mighty Atom. 3s. 6d.
6. Duke of Argyll's Philosophy of Belief. 16s.

Trade very quiet indeed.

LONDON, E.C.

1. Watson, The Mind of the Master. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. Corelli, The Mighty Atom. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
3. Ruskin, Fors Clavigera. Vol. 1. 5s. net. (Allen.)
4. Maclaren, The Beatitudes. 5s. (Shepheard.)
5. Fisher, Christian Church. 12s. (Clarke.)
6. Lea, Auricular Confession. 30s. (Sonnenschein.)

MANCHESTER.

1. Du Maurier's Trilby.
2. Dawson's Life of Peter Mackenzie.
3. Ian Maclaren's Mind of the Master.
4. Harold Frederic's Illumination.
5. Marie Corelli's Mighty Atom.
6. Guy Boothby's Beautiful White Devil.

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Watson, The Mind of the Master.
2. Merriman, The Sowers.
3. Corelli, The Mighty Atom.
4. Zola, Rome.
5. Major Roe, The Factory and Workshop Acts Explained.
6. Crockett, Cleg Kelly.

GLASGOW.

1. Holiday Fortnights at Home and Abroad. By G. E. Philip, Glasgow. With numerous photo illustrations. 2s. 6d. (Parlane, Paisley.)
2. John Knox. By A. Taylor Innes. 1s. 6d. Famous Scots Series. (Oliphant.)
3. The Mind of the Master. By John Watson, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
4. The Land of Gold; Narrative of a Journey through the Western Australian Goldfields in 1895. By Julius M. Price. 7s. 6d. net. (Low & Co.)
5. Jesus the Carpenter. By Robert Bird. 5s. (Longmans.)
6. John Macgregor (Rob Roy). By Edwin Hodder. 3s. 6d. (Hodder Bros.)

YORK.

1. The Mind of the Master. 6s. Ian Maclaren. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. The Mighty Atom. 3s. 6d. Marie Corelli. (Hutchinson.)
3. The Amazing Marriage. 6s. George Meredith. (Constable & Co.)
4. Burns' Poetical Works. 1s. net. (Warne & Co.)
5. Story of a Piece of Coal. 1s. E. A. Martin. (G. Newnes, Ltd.)
6. Mrs. Henry Wood's Novels. 2s. (Bentley.)

BURNLEY.

1. Illumination. By Harold Frederic. 6s. (Heinemann.)
2. Life and Labours of Peter Mackenzie. By Rev. Joseph Dawson. (Kelly.)
3. A Lady of Quality. By Frances H. Burnett. 6s. (F. Warne & Co.)
4. A Piece of Coal. By Edw. A. Martin, F.G.S. 1s. (Newnes.)
5. The Tool Basket. 1s. (Allenson.)
6. The Mighty Atom. By Marie Corelli. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

BRADFORD.

1. Life of the late Rev. Peter Mackenzie. By Rev. Joseph Dawson. 3s. 6d. (W.C.O.)
2. Mind of the Master. Rev. John Watson. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
3. Fors Clavigera. Vol. 1. Ruskin. 6s. net. (George Allen.)
4. The Sowers. 6s. Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)
5. Briseis. 6s. Black. (Sampson Low.)
6. Lady of Quality. 6s. Hodgson Burnett. (Warne).

SUNDERLAND.

1. Academy Pictures. Cassell's, "Black and White," etc.
2. Briseis. By William Black. 6s. (S. Low.)
3. The Mind of the Master. By John Watson. 6s. (Hodder.)
4. Tyne Folk. By Joseph Parker. 3s. 6d. (Allenson.)
5. Cleg Kelly. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)
6. The Mighty Atom. By Marie Corelli. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

NOTTINGHAM.

1. Mighty Atom. 3s. 6d. Corelli.
2. Mind of Master. 6s. Watson.
3. Academy Pictures and Notes.
4. Maps and Guides.

Generally s eaking, business is quiet.

ABERDEEN.

1. County Histories of Scotland: Fife and Kinross. By Sheriff Mackay. 7s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)
2. Chambers' Life and Works of Burns. Vol. II. New Edition. 7s. 6d. (W. & R. Chambers.)
3. The Amazing Marriage. By George Meredith. 6s. (Constable.)
4. Moulton's Modern Readers' Bible. Various vols. 2s. 6d. each. (Macmillan.)
5. Robert Urquhart. By Gabriel Setoun. 6s. (Bliss, Sands & Foster.)
6. The Bible and the East. By Lt.-Col. Conder. 5s. (Blackwood.)

EDINBURGH.

1. The Story of Sir Walter Scott's First Love. By Adam Scott. 3s. 6d. (Macniven & Wallace.)
2. The Mind of the Master. By John Watson, D.D. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
3. Adeline, Countess Schimmelmann. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
4. Fife and Kinross. By Sheriff Mackay. 7s. 6d. net. (W. Blackwood & Son.)
5. Hugh Miller. By W. K. Leask. 1s. 6d. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)
6. W. V., Her Book, and Various Verses. By W. Canton. 3s. 6d. net. (Isbister & Co.)

DUBLIN (1).

1. A Short Life of Thomas Davis. By Sir C. Gavan Duffy. 1s. and 2s. (Unwin.)
2. Owen Roe O'Neill. By J. F. Taylor. 1s. and 2s. (Unwin.)
3. Pictures of 1896. 1s. (J. S. Virtue & Co.)
4. The Monastic Life. By T. W. Allies. 9s. net. (Kegan Paul.)
5. Cycling. By C. W. Brown. 6d. (Iliffe & Son.)
6. The Use of Life. By Sir John Lubbock. 1s. (Macmillan.)

DUBLIN (2)

1. Mrs. Alexander, Poems. 7s. 6d.
2. Merriman, The Sowers. 6s.
3. Crockett, Cleg Kelly. 6s.
4. Sir Samuel Ferguson's Life. 2 vols. 21s.
5. Lecky, Democracy and Liberty. 2 vols. 36s.
6. O'Neill, Life Spent in Ireland. 21s.

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

TRADE NOTES.

LONDON, W.C.

(Second-hand.)

Business in first editions is exceedingly good, especially of the works of Thomas Hardy, R. L. Stevenson, and G. Meredith.

LIVERPOOL.

Trade in Liverpool has undoubtedly been brisker during the present year than it was at any time during the three preceding years. The 6s. novels scoring well, especially those of Ian Maclaren.

DERBY.

Little change is noticeable with the exception of a lull in Export Department, business generally remaining considerably brisker than usual at this season.

More sales are made in light literature than expected, with an excessive cycling craze thick upon us, and members of the music trade avow the complete collapse of business owing to this reason.

Business from catalogue satisfactory.

SCARBOROUGH.

Book trade quiet. Books selling well:—Watson's Mind of Master, Peter Mackenzie's Life, The Mighty Atom, The Probable Sons, Oliver Wendell Holmes' Life, Zola's Rome.

BURNLEY.

Business very slow indeed, no heavy lots being moved. Little selling except Academy Pictures, and those not so freely as usual.

YORK.

Trade is far from being all that could be desired. Sale for new books is not brisk, and with regard to the secondhand department, there has not been a sale worth naming for over nine months, yet the chief complaint is not lack of the supply of books, but scarcity of buyers. The genus book-collector is fast dying out here—only a few left.

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

ANDERSON & SON, DUMFRIES.

Life of Miss Tucker (A.L.O.E.).
Lewis' Life of Goethe, 2 vols.
Japp's Three Great Teachers.
Douglas, or Field of Otterburne.
Hogg's Life of Dr. Wightman.
Ballingall's Burns the Ploughman Poet, illustrated.
Ramage's Drumlanrig, etc.
Moorland Rhymes, by R. W. Reid.
New Statistical Account (vol. containing Dumfriesshire, about 1890).
Dudgeon's Scottish Surnames.
Brown's History of Sanquhar.
Life of Joseph Train.
Mayne's Siller Gun.
Boyd (Dr.) Recreations, best illus. edition.
Thomson (Jos.), To the African Lakes.
Trotter's Galloway Gossip.
Boyd's Last Years of St. Andrews.
Gilfillan's 1st Gallery o: Portraits, 1st edition, red cloth.
Dumfries Journal, 1830-1832.
McKerlie's Galloway, 5 vols.
Towards the Sunset, by A. K. H. Boyd.
Macaulay's England, vol. 8 (6s. edition).
Froude's Reminiscences of Carlyle, 2 vols.
McDowall's Guide to Dumfries.
Billing's Baronial Antiquities, parts containing Sweetheart Abbey and Carlanesk Castle, Dumfriesshire.
The Freers, by Mrs. Alexander.

EDWARD BAKER, 14, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Psychopathia Sexualis, English edition.
O. Wilde's Poems (Mathews & Lane).
Bradshaw's Railway Guides, paper covers, any before 1870. Thousands were published. Kindly look them up.
Bradshaw's Sheet Time Tables, pub. 3d., 184—, any.
Poems from the Arabic, 1800, 40s. offered.
Behmen's Works, by Law, 4 vols., 4to, 50s. offered.

JAMES BELL & SON, NOTTINGHAM.

Stobart's Family Prayers, 1st edition, 15 copies.
Murphy's Art of Weaving.

A. BROWN, 15, BRISTO PLACE, EDINBURGH

Rarey's Book on the Horse.
Harlett's Table Talk.
Lallemand on Spermatoreæ.
Postage Stamp Literature.
Mulready Envelope.
Songs of Edinburgh Angling Club.

ALFRED COOPER, 68, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

Early American Books.
Lucian's Works in English.
Old Volumes of Tracts.

Old Poetical Pamphlets.
William Morris' publications.
Bridges' (Robt.) Poems.
Herculaneum et Pompeii, 8 vols.
Catena Librorum Tacendorum.
Symonds' Italy and Greece, 1874.
" Italian Byeways.
Old 4to Plays before 1700.
Jacobite Rebellion, 1745, anything.
Crawshaw or Donne's Poems.
Suckling or Sedley's Works.
Early Printed Books before 1500.
Burton's Arabian Nights, 16 vols.

E. CRAWSHAW, 25, TOLLINGTON PARK, N.

Smetham's Essays.
Hymns and Sacred Poems, by J. and C. Wesley, 1st edition, 1739.
Collection of Psalms and Hymns by John Wesley, 1st edition, 1741.
Life of Christ, by Rev. Samuel Wesley, 1693.
And other early works by the Wesleys.

WM. D'ALBY, 12, HOLTHAM ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, N.W.

Scrutton, Influence of the Roman on the Common Law, published by either Cambridge or Oxford University.
Kennedy's Annals of Aberdeen.
Long's Expedition from Pittsburg, 3 vols., 1823.
First Series Jewitt's Stately Homes of England.
Birch's Books, at low quotations.

GOULDEN & CURRY, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Lessing's Education of Human Race (K. Paul.)
Satan of Scripture (Smith, Elder).

JAGGARD & CO., 81, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

1 vol. novels, any recent.
Guillim, Heraldry, 1679, or imperfect.
Instructions to Sportsmen, 9th edition.
A. E. Hamilton, Poems.
Art of Curing Sympathetically.
Any books printed by Jaggard.
Hutchings, Seamanship.
Isle of Man, Books or Guides.
Portrait of Dr. Kirkland.
Cohen, Imperial Coinage.
Dark Blue Magazine.
Comic Bijou Almanac.
Any tiny books.
Carew, Survey of Cornwall.
Cleland, Works, any.
Cregreen, Manx Dict.
Chisholm on Weighing.
De Lanoe on Demons.

LUPTON BROS., BURNLEY.

Burton's Anatomy, ed. by Steele and Jacobs.
Surtee's Plain or Ringlets and Handley Cross, 1st edition, orig. cloth.
Graces of Mary (Burns & Oates).
Lea's History of the Inquisition.
Narrative of Iniquities and Barbarities Practised at Rome in the Nineteenth Century, by Raphael Ciocci.
Woodfall's Law of Landlord and Tenant, 1892.
Crockford's Clerical Directory, 1894, or later.

B. & J. F. MEEHAN, 32, GAY ST., BATH.

Eton: All books, magazines, or pamphlets having any reference to Eton.
Railways, works on: anything; Reports, Acts of Parliament, Pamphlets, etc., etc.
Croker's The Battles of Talavera.
Byron's Life and Works, vol. 17.
Bengel's Commentary on New Test., cheap.
Bailey's Magazine, vols. 1 or 2.
Oregon, works on, anything.
Texas, " "
Mormonism, " "
Fencing, " "

MIDLAND EDUCATIONAL CO., LD., LEAMINGTON SPA.

The Ward, by Mrs. Trollope.
Emilie Wyndham, by Mrs. Marsh.
Second Jungle Book, S. H.
Imperial Dictionary, last edition, 2 vols.
Dante's Inferno.
Cassell's Picturesque Europe, 1st series.

J. MITCHELL, ERDDIG ROAD, WREXHAM.

Baehr's Therapeutics, 2 vols.
Jahr's New Manual.
" Forty Years' Practice.
" Venereal Diseases.
" Skin Diseases.
Hale's New Remedies, 2nd and 5th editions.
Hughes' Pharmacodynamics, 5th edition.
Hahnemann's Works.
Boenninghausen's Works, or any non-domestic Homœopathic literature.

FRANK MURRAY, MORAY HOUSE, DERBY.

Hare, Two Noble Lives.
Burckhardt, Arabia, 1820, boards.
Beckford, Hunting, 1796.
Surtees, Novels, any.
Borrow, Lavengro, 3 vols., 1851.
Smiles, Lives of the Engineers.
Cassell's Encyclopædia, 8 vols., light green cloth, last edition.
Symonds (J. A.), any works.
Fuller (Andrew), works.
Trollope, Can You Forgive Her?
Curtis, Forestry.
Tyndall, Sound.
Academy Notes, 1880.
Books on Monumental Brasses.
" Derbyshire.
" Freemasonry.
Life of John Mytton.
Stevenson, Inland Voyage.
" Treasure Island.

J. T. NOTCUTT, LEAMINGTON,

Treasury of David, vols. 6 and 7.
Whitaker's Almanac, 1896, 2s. 6d.
The Leigh Peerage, by Conston, 2 vols.

PARRY & CO., MOUNT PLEASANT, LIVERPOOL.

Pic-Nic Papers, Two Plates (uncut), The Philosopher's Stone, and A Whole-Souled Fellow.
Smollett's Complete Works (Washbourne's edition).

E. R. ROPER, SCARBOROUGH.

Bishop Selwyn's Life.

W. H. SMITH, PUBLIC LIBRARY, DEWSBURY.

Pamphlets published in or that refer to Dewsbury and District.
Times, 1890-91, bound or unbound.
Purcell's Life of Cardinal Manning, 1st ed.

T. SMYTH, 35, QUEEN STREET, BELFAST.

Hayley's Life of Romney, or the plates, imperfect might do.
The Mozart No. of the Musical Times.
Hill's Macdonells of Antrim.
The Bookbinder, early nos. or vols. of.
Stock's Bookworm, Nos. 37, 38, 50, 52, or the vols. they are in.
Madden's United Irishmen, 4-vol. edition, vol. 1.

WALTER T. SPENCER, 27, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.

Vanity Fair, 1847, pt. 9.
Comic Almanack, 1852.
Stevenson, R. L., any 1st editions.
Hardy, Thos., " "
Meredith, G., " "

C. A. STREICHER, 7, WAVERLEY STREET, YORK.

Yellow Fairy Book.
Book of Psalms, vol. 1, Expositor's Bible.
Smith's Isaiah.
Chambers' Encyclopædia, recent edition.
Lewis' Life of Goethe.
Engravings and their Value.
Strand Magazine, complete parts.
Letters of Matthew Arnold, 2 vols.
Fleet Street Eclogues, 1st and 2nd series.
First Jungle Book.
Beeton's Book of Household Management.
Chronicles of Martin Hewitt.

OCTAVUS TOMSON, CAMBRIDGE.

General List of Governors of Christ's Hospital.
The Dustman (song, with music).
Illustrated Books of Designs of Gravestones.
Paley's Baptismal Fonts, 8vo.
Parker's Architecture, 2 vols., 8vo.
Spectator, vol. 1, 8vo, 1797.

H. T. WAKE, FRITCHLEY, DERBY.

W. Grigge's The Quaker's Jesus, 1658.
Quaker Controversial Tracts or Books, 1650-1716.
Boyne's Tokens, last edition, by Williamson.
Ruding's Coinage, 3 vols., 1840.
S. Cowper's Trial for the Murder of S. Stout, 1699, any edition.
Book-plate (ex-libris) of Wm. Penn, 1703.

E. B. WILDMAN, 10, JAMES STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Natural History, vol. 1, issued in English Cyclopædia, 1851.
Middlemarch, cr. 8vo, green cloth, 1873.
Kaye's War in Afghanistan, vol. 1, octavo, (Bentley), 1851.

JAMES YATES, PUBLIC LIBRARIAN, HALTON, NEAR LEEDS.

Lamont, Jas., Seasons with the Sea Horses.
" " Any books by.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

JNO. BRUNSKILL, 12, NEVILLE STREET, YORK.

Six Months' Tour through the North of England, by Arthur Young, 4 vols., 1771, 10s.
Smith's Rambles about Morley, 1866, 2s. 6d.
Wonnacott's History of Morley Old Chapel, 1859, 1s.
Warren's History of Winchester, 1s.
Sir C. Sharp's History of Hartlepool, 6s. 6d.
Hulbert, Meeke's Diary and Slaithwaite Schools, 2s. 6d.
Stoughton's History of Windsor, 1862, 2s.
The Book of the Repton Tercentenary, 1857, 1s.
W. R. History of Worcester, boards, illus., 1808, 1s. 6d.
Hartshorne, The Book Rarities in the University of Cambridge, 1829, 8s.
Songs of the Press, and other Poems, cuts, 1833, 2s. 6d.
Narrative of a Journey in Egypt, and the Country beyond the Cataracts, by Thos. Legh, Esq., M.P., 4to, 1816, 2s.

J. REDFEARN, CROFT HOUSE, LONGWOOD, HUDDERSFIELD.

R. Browning's Aristophanes' Apology.
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All in good condition and all first editions.

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Hofland's Africa Described, 1834, 4s. 6d.
Mungo Park's Travels in Africa, 1816, 2 vols., 15s.
Campbell's South Africa, 2 vols., 1822, 2s. 6d.
African Slave Trade, by Buxton, 7s. 6d.
Richardson's Central Africa, 2 vols., 4s. 6d.
Galton's Tropical South Africa.
Captain Clapperton's Africa, 2 vols.
Werne's African Wanderings, 2s. 6d.
Anecdotes of Africans, 1827, 1s.
Landor's Travels in Africa, 2 vols., 2s. 6d.
Cooke's Conquest in North Africa, 2s. 6d.
Mason's Zulus of Natal, 1855, 1s. 6d.